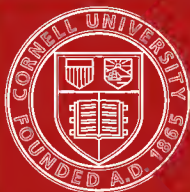


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MAY 24th, 1868.



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THIS DAY TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO,

OUR HARDY ENGLISH SIRES

SOUGHT HERE AND FOUND A PLENTEOUS HOME

BESIDE THE RED MAN'S FIRES.



BANNER OVER THE STAGE.

# AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT GLEN COVE L. I.

AT THE

CELEBRATION OF THE SECOND

# CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

SETTLEMENT OF THAT VILLAGE,

By HENRY J. SCUDDER, Esq.,

MAY 25, 1868.

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WITH AN APPENDIX

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GLEN COVE:  
PRINTED FOR THE COMMITTEE.  
1868.

THE NEW YORK PRINTING COMPANY,  
81, 83, and 85 *Centre Street*  
NEW YORK.

CELEBRATION  
OF THE SECOND  
CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE  
VILLAGE OF GLEN COVE, L. I.

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IN the winter of 1867, a young citizen of Glen Cove, who is quite an antiquarian, found, in searching among ancient deeds and records, that almost two centuries had elapsed since the settlement of the place by white inhabitants, and that the second century of civilized possession would be complete in May, 1868.

Shortly after, the following communication appeared in the *Glen Cove Gazette*:

"On the 24th day of May, 1668, the Indian chiefs Suscanemon and Werah, of the Matinecock tribe, deeded to Joseph Carpenter 'certain lands lying on both sydes of *Musceta Coufe*,' for the purpose of erecting thereon a

saw-mill and dwelling-house, which he forthwith proceeded to do. From this time must be dated the first settlement of our thriving village. The 24th day of May next will be the two hundredth anniversary.

“Let us call a meeting some time in April next, and see if the day cannot be passed in appropriate exercises of some kind.”

The subject, thus introduced, was further discussed in the paper and by the citizens generally, and a public meeting was called on the 15th of April, 1868, for the purpose of making arrangements for a proper celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Glen Cove, signed by

Sam'l M. Titus,	Isaac Coles,
Wm. M. Weeks,	Willet Weeks,
David A. Valentine,	Jno. T. Valentine,
J. K. Milnor,	Samuel Frost,
R. M. Bowne,	James Titus,
Ellwood Valentine.	

In accordance with the above call several meetings were held, at which the following committees were chosen :

*On the Address*—Isaac Coles, Elias J. Beach, W. M. Weeks, and Jas. B. Pearsall.

*To provide Music*—Sam'l M. Titus and C. B. Gruman.

*To prepare Grounds*—E. H. Thorne, Lewis Valentine, Sam'l M. Titus, Wm. M. Valentine, James Thorne, Isaac Downing, Edw'd P. Titus, Jno. G. Hendrickson, Chas. A. Carpenter, F. N. Renaud, Sam'l Nichols, Jr., and Loren Coles.

*On Finances*—Edwin A. Hopkins, R. M. Bowne, Edward P. Titus, George R. Underhill, William Green, Samuel Merritt, James Thorne, Chas. A. Carpenter, Ellwood Valentine, Samuel Cox, L. F. Coles, J. M. Weeks, James Luyster, Jr., John W. Campbell, and Oakley Ketchum.

*On Invitations*—J. K. Milnor, William M. Weeks, Samuel M. Titus, Isaac Coles, and J. T. Bowne.

*On Reception*—Hon. E. J. Beach, William M. Weeks, Edwin A. Hopkins, Jos. K. Milnor, and J. B. Pearsall.

*On Statistics*—E. M. Lincoln, Isaac Coles, and J. T. Bowne.

*To Draft an Order of Exercises*—C. B. Gruman, E. A. Hopkins, R. M. Bowne, Isaac Coles, and W. M. Weeks.

*On Tcasts*—C. B. Gruman, J. K. Milnor,

T. D. Cock, Samuel Frost, and Lott Cornelius.

*On Vocal Music*—J. M. Weeks, Robert Dickson, James Dickson, William M. Valentine, George W. Cocks, George Wilcockson, Chas. A. Carpenter, James Wanser, and Edward Bennet.

*To provide Refreshments* — Edward F. Coles, Robert Dickson, W. H. Harrold, William Green, W. C. Gibson, and James Dickson. The following ladies were subsequently appointed to assist the Committee on Refreshments: Mrs. R. M. Bowne, Miss Abby Willis, Miss Emily Valentine, Miss Hannah Frost, Miss Emma Craft, Miss Priscilla Coles, Mrs. James Thorne, Mrs. Cornelius Johnson, Mrs. Peter Luyster, Mrs. Joshua T. Wright, Mrs. T. T. Jackson, Mrs. J. C. Miller, Mrs. Frost Craft, Miss Mary Miller, Mrs. Samuel M. Titus, Miss Georgie McPherson, Mrs. George Altmüller, Mrs. E. J. Beach, Miss Fanny W. Milnor, Mrs. Charles Rowlings, Mrs. Juliet Sands, Miss Ethelene Weeks, Miss Ettie Titus, Miss M. M. Whitson, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Mrs. J. T. Valentine, Mrs. Lewis Valentine, Miss Hannah Craft, Mrs. E. S. Hendrickson, Mrs. Julia A. Hall, Mrs. J. C. Val-



entine, Mrs. Benj. W. Craft, Mrs. Joseph C. Valentine, Mrs. Jacob F. Cock.

At a subsequent meeting the Committee on Order of Exercises made the following report :

1. Procession.
2. Music by the Band.
3. Invocation.
4. Singing.
5. Prayer.
6. Singing.
7. Address.
8. Music.
9. Benediction.
10. Refreshments.
11. Sentiments, Toasts, and Music.
12. Adjournment.

In submitting this report we deem it not improper to refer to the importance and significance of the occasion you propose to celebrate. Two hundred years have elapsed since the first settlement of this village, and we have arrived at an era in its history which is soon to sweep away many of its old boundaries and landmarks. The tide of immigration, constantly increasing and demanding room for its growth, is fast spreading over

these hills and valleys. Patrimonial acres, where grazed in quiet the flocks and herds of their former owners, are divided into village lots, and have become the homes of the laborer, the artisan, and the merchant. The industry of its inhabitants, long exclusively agricultural, is seeking new channels, and the hum of machinery, the sound of the hammer, the whistle of the steam-engine, and the shriek of the locomotive are signs of the change. The old men—the fathers—are passing away, and with them the incidents and traditions of early times are falling into oblivion. Standing as we do between two centuries, and on the verge of a new era in our local history, it seems eminently fit that we should not allow this anniversary to pass without celebrating it in some worthy way—without endeavoring to rescue the past from forgetfulness; without gathering up from old records that remain, and from individual memories, what we may of the centuries gone before.

If we wish to commemorate the past—if we wish to express our gratitude to those who found this place a wilderness and handed it down to their descendants blooming like the rose—if we wish to contrast their deprivations

with our welfare—if we wish to recall the *memory* of those whose wise foresight established the institutions under which we have prospered, it would seem that no time could be more appropriate than the present. We too shall soon be covered with the shadow of that night which no morning sun can illumine; and unless we photograph the present, and save, in some such way as this, the past from oblivion, much that is familiarly known to us of its present and past history will be a blank to those who shall follow us. Let then this be an occasion on which the worth and patriotism which have distinguished former times shall instruct the present and inspire the future. Let it be a grand jubilee. Let the emigrants to other towns come back on that day to revisit the homes of their infancy and the scenes of their youth, and to greet the sons and daughters of Glen Cove in one cordial reunion. Let those, too, who are not natives of Glen Cove, but who are or have been residents among us, join in making it a day to be remembered with pleasure. Let it be ushered in with the ringing of bells. Let the national banner be flung to the breeze. Let all, leaving for the day the workshop, the farm, and

the office, come to the celebration of our two hundredth anniversary.

C. B. GRUMAN,  
E. A. HOPKINS,  
R. M. BOWNE,  
ISAAC COLES,  
WM. M. WEEKS.

The Committee on the Address reported that Henry J. Scudder, Esq., had accepted their invitation to deliver the address; it was also decided to hold the Festival on Saturday, the 23d of May, the anniversary occurring on Sunday, the 24th. The day appointed, however, proved stormy, and the celebration took place on Monday, the 25th.

At a meeting held after the celebration, E. M. Lincoln, Jas. B. Pearsall, J. K. Milnor, Isaac Coles, C. B. Gruman, and J. T. Bowne were appointed a Publishing Committee. Henry J. Scudder, Esq., having kindly furnished a copy of his address, they have added to it some account of the proceedings on the day of celebration, and also such details connected with it as they thought might be interesting, together with the comments of the

press, all of which is submitted to our fellow-citizens of Glen Cove.

Of the Committee,

C. B. GRUMAN,

J. T. BOWNE.

GLEN COVE, L. I., 1868.

## ADDRESS

BY

HENRY J. SCUDDER, Esq.

*Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—*  
I greet you and congratulate you upon this large and impressive assemblage. The commemoration of the settlement of your beautiful village should command unqualified approbation, and be attended by wholesome lessons. We are prone to neglect the past. In the whirl of events, the vicissitudes of fortune, the hot pursuit of personal advancement, we overlook the merits of those who are gone, and forget alike their labors and sacrifices. It is becoming in us to pause at recurring periods and look backward through the shadowy aisles where the course of our fathers has been and is well-nigh lost. Nature prompts us by her beneficent laws, and by her example we are reminded that the end is but the beginning; that every cycle rolls round to the point of departure; that the freshness of spring, although withered by summer's heat and blasted by the frosts of winter,

will renew its verdure with undeviating regularity. So we are but repeating history. As the earth moves in its orbit round a common point, yet pushes onward into space with all the systems about it toward an unknown power, so we continue the passions, ambitions, and trials of generations so remote they are unknown, yet steadily advance in moral and intellectual direction toward a future that will forever be dark to mortal eyes. Let us occasionally rest as to-day, and while contemplating the present with justifiable satisfaction, take some counsel of the past. It is respect for the past that ennobles the future. The standard of regard our children mark out for us is measured upon our rule of action toward our parents. We may, then, look over these 200 years that have taken their part in history since the first white settlement of Musketo Cove, with the consciousness that, in bestowing this feeble tribute of attention, we perform a duty and find an abundant return. Two hundred years! Formidable space by itself, insignificant and unnoticeable as it flows by in time's unlimited current toward the echoless shore! Six generations taking part in the great drama of human activity—fitting on and off the stage in

quick succession—since our ancestors here lighted their hearths and fixed their household gods! Four thousand millions of human lives come and gone! Is there no instruction in this?

Let us consider the time of the settlement here. It may be safely enough placed in the latter part of May, 1668. Perhaps the precise day would be the 24th of that month. The population was exceedingly sparse. Oyster Bay had been occupied fifteen years. At the extreme end of the island, settlements had been pushed with vigor and success. Here they were retarded by the strife between the Dutch and English. The Dutch founded New York (then New Amsterdam) in 1611. The Puritans landed at Plymouth nine years later. There was but little in common between these people. The Dutch were commercial, calculating, liberal in the entertainment of religious views, fond of social pastimes. The Puritans, resting upon a sublime faith, taught by the most austere of teachers—John Calvin—were stern, self-denying, and self-reliant. They opened the slaughter of Indians with prayer, thanked God for the merciful privilege of tormenting Quakers and



executing witches, founded schools and colleges, compelled strict observance of the Sabbath and of all laws of divine origin and of their own making, and held death at a trifling rate compared with the virtue of personal faith.

Colonization was further delayed by European politics. The seventeenth century is remarkable for its intensity. The First Charles stubbornly refused to recognize any popular rights, failed to see that the human race is always advancing, that laws must be adapted to their advancement (for laws are only the rules of their action), and—lost his head! The theory of the Protectorate was hostile to its acts. It was projected upon a republican principle, and carried out and executed by military and autocratic authority. Charles the Second, the "Merry Monarch," lavished the supplies forced from his people upon licentious favorites, and the nobles whose fortunes had suffered under Cromwell aimed to replace them under Charles by grants and concessions. America presented the temptation, and furnished the opportunity. In the year 1668, Louis XIV. of France, having before taken in hand the reins of government

from Mazarin, had attained a splendor of position as a ruler unequalled by any monarch of his time. The French had long before explored the St. Lawrence, and pushed their discoveries through Canada and Ohio to the Mississippi, and were singing their light *chansons* to the echoes of the shores of Lake Superior. Their missionaries were converting the simple Indian to the faith of the cross, from Lake Champlain to what is now Iowa. The success of Louis XIV., the settlement of his people on the northern lakes, the absorption of Charles in trifling gayeties, the oppressive conduct of many of the colonial governors, combined to withhold from the colonists the support so much needed. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle came to their relief. England was now enabled to exclude the Dutch from further occupancy of the country, and compel their submission and surrender of that already held. An auspicious hour had come, yet it was gloomed and obscured by the tyranny of colonial governors, the conflict of religious opinions, and the bickerings of paltry communities. Oyster Bay gave allegiance to Connecticut. The Duke of York having received from Earl Stirling,

who was the first patentee of the island, a surrender of his grant, secured from Charles all of New England, New York, and New Jersey. His governors were unscrupulous, exacting, and arbitrary. They ruled the colonies as the Roman consuls governed conquered provinces. For the most part they hated Puritanism. The Society of Friends sent members to the new country to seek homes where their simple worship could be conducted in peace. William Penn was striving for the maintenance of his belief. In 1668 he was confined in the Tower for publishing "The Sandy Foundation Shaken." He had before been imprisoned for refusing to uncover in the presence of the king, the Duke of York, and his father. Persecuted by the Established Church, the Friends looked to New England for a refuge. It was natural they should expect from those who had suffered for conscience' sake, tolerance and hospitality. None was conceded them. Long Island seems their next resort, and until the founding of Pennsylvania we find them settling in various parts of the Island, where their pure and simple creed has done its part in human civilization. In this town these three elements came to-

gether—the Dutch, the Puritan, and the Friend—the latter commonly styled Quaker, a name bestowed upon George Fox by an irritated magistrate of Derby, for the reason, says Fox, “that I bid them tremble at the Word of the Lord.” Of these three, the Puritan and the Friend were zealous in the support and propagation of their respective sectarian convictions. The Dutch looked mainly to the furtherance and extension of trade. Collisions must be expected where opinions are individualized, and rest, or are believed to rest, upon divine command; and the annals of our early history are strewn with evidences of disputes, complaints, and punishments springing from conscientious differences. The Established Church was introduced by the English governors, but down to a period considerably later than 1668 had small footing in Oyster Bay.

In 1667 Joseph Carpenter petitioned for the privilege of building a saw and fulling mill at Musketo Cove. He appears to have resided at the time in Oyster Bay. On the 24th of May, 1668, a grant or patent is made to him, and Musketo Cove is founded. With Carpenter were Nathaniel, Robert, and

Daniel Coles, Moses Mudge, and Nicholas Simkins. Carpenter and Coles, however, seem entitled to the claim of priority. In the paucity of record and obscurity of traditional evidence, no certain conclusion can be attained as to the exact location of all the settlers, or even their names in the order of settlement. This condition obtains with all frontier places. The passion for change, enlargement, and conformity to passing fashions soon effaces the monuments of olden time and substitutes what the hour demands.

Musketo Cove assumed its place in the line of settlements on the 24th of May, 1668. We instinctively turn to contrast it, as then, with its present condition. The middle and western portion of the island, at its discovery, were bare of wood, save in the swamps, along streams, and here and there lonely trees of great size. The early settlers of Oyster Bay prohibited the cutting of timber, and elsewhere penalties were imposed upon those who exported it. The country abounded in wild turkeys, deer, wolves, grouse, and other game. The waters swarmed with fish. The Indians were few and friendly; and had such conciliation as will forever shed a glorious light over

the settlement of Pennsylvania, attended the advent of our ancestors here, the early records of the Island would not be dimmed and blotted by the scenes of Fort Neck, Horse Neck, and the hundred dark acts that meet us at every step in our course through this period. Oyster Bay and Matinecock had been the residence of the Underhills, Lattings, Frosts, Townsends, and others for some years. Settlements had been made near Hempstead and Great Neck, so that neighbors were at hand. Our fathers' lines fell to them in pleasant places. The labor of opening new soil, free from wood, is simple. Food abounded in the waters and on the plains; and no dread of famine, such as wasted the settlers upon other and bleaker shores, could be entertained.

A most respectable and charming authority, Dr. Diedrich Knickerbocker, whose accuracy of statement is only surpassed by his purity of style, bears testimony to the abundance and delicacy of the shell-fish of these parts. He assures us that William the Testy, Governor and High Regent of New Amsterdam, hearing of the descent of the Yankees upon Oyster Bay, and the rare loot of oysters they were enjoying, summoned his bold trencher-

men, and, under the command of Stoffel, the head-breaker, marched them upon the festive invaders, by the way of Nineveh, Jerusalem, Jericho, Babylon, and other saintly places, thence strategically through Patch Hog, Hard Scrabble, and Hungry Hollow (at which latter place many gave out), and descending upon the Yankees, who were commanded by Preserved Fish, by a flank movement captured them all, with immense spoil of shell-fish, chiefly oysters. The valorous conquerors, returning to New Amsterdam, received a triumphal entry. Five dried codfish, three strings of Weathersfield onions, one wooden ham, and a variety of Yankee notions, were borne in the procession as trophies taken from the enemy. William the Testy gave an immense banquet, and while his citizens and soldiery indulged in its delights, stealthily caused the oyster-shells to be coined, at his private mint, into wampum, the current coin of the day, and therewith generously paid off his troops. It is said that history is philosophy teaching by example. Have we learned from this brave old Dutch regent to justify the payment of our national debt by greenbacks, manufactured by the debtor?

The origin of the name Musketo Cove is involved in doubt. It could not have sprung from the name of the Indian tribe from whom the purchase was made, for that was certainly the Matinecocks. There is a vague tradition which I cannot trace to its source, and for which I entertain no respect, but it is proper to present it to you, that the name is derived from a most blood-thirsty set of savages that swarmed along the creek and by the shores, and manifested their barbarism by a fondness for marshes and low places; that this tribe was known to the early settlers by three names—Musquitos, Muskeeters, and Skeeters, the latter doubtless being a vulgar contraction. The story runs that these crafty aborigines were great enemies of the pioneers, and especially of their wives and daughters, and gave them no peace of their lives during the warm July and August evenings, but sung their war-songs and made their attacks even in the privacy of their chambers. Endeavoring to investigate this loose notion, I have called to aid learned antiquaries and aged men. I have consulted the oldest inhabitant, and am amazed to find and state, that there are those now living and in the full enjoyment



not only of the friendship and respect of their neighbors, but of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, who vigorously maintain the truth of the statement—yea, going further, audaciously assert that this race of Musquitos, Muskeeters, or Skeeters are not yet extinct hereabouts, but their battle-cry may be heard of a sultry August evening along the alder-clothed stream and by the marsh-fringed shores, to the great terror of fair maiden and callow youth, who cooingly seek those resorts. I, however, lend no credence to the tale, for I have it upon the authority of every man, woman, and child interested in the sale of land or letting of houses (and where are more impartial witnesses to be found?) that there has not been a mosquito seen or heard hereabout within the memory of that same oldest inhabitant, although it is asserted upon like authority that they are thick enough at Manhasset, and you can't live for them over at Oyster Bay. We must leave to the Long Island Historical Society the unravelling of this marvellously perplexed question.

Exceeding simplicity marked the personal habits of our forefathers. The Puritan and the Quaker abhorred gaud and ostentation

with the intensity of the Cavalier's passion for them. On the one side abstemiousness ran into pride; on the other, fondness ended in folly. In considering their relations we are reminded of the story of Diogenes and Plato. Diogenes entering Plato's house and observing a carpet—a luxury he despised—pressed his foot on it and said: "I tread on Plato's pride." "Yes," said Plato, "and with more pride than Plato."

Austerity and self-denial are not always virtues. They are empty mannerisms until animated by the purest spirit. In an age of disputation, and at the breaking up of old religious dogmas and the establishment of new sects, we cannot hope to escape individualization of opinion, and this was peculiarly marked in the 17th century. Musquito Cove and its surroundings were not free from such influences. The Quakers were earnest propagandists. They sought votaries and proselytes, not to enlarge their forces for temporal effect, but out of a sharp-set conviction of duty. So with the Puritans. The Established Church denounced both, and converted its legal authority into an instrument of oppression and punishment. It compelled banns,

dissolved marriages consummated without them, derided the simple ceremonial of the Friend, and scoffed at the rigid form of the Puritan. Through the latter part of this century ecclesiasticism tyrannized in those colonies where it was sustained by force. In comparing the severe adherence to sect of those times with the latitude and indulgence of the present, we are impressed with the amazing wisdom and goodness of Providence in that the foundations of a true faith were laid deep and strong by earnest workers, who feared no exposure in accomplishing their tasks, so that the superstructure, freer and lighter in its proportions, should rest upon an undisturbed basis. In those days, who would have dreamed of a member of the Friends' Society even hearing of a church organ in Musquito Cove, without instant and sweeping denunciation, and active personal effort for its destruction? Yet, was it not from a spirit of lofty religious faith as well as broad Christian kindness, that one whom all remember with respect and affection said to the rector of the church, upon an invitation to hear the organ placed therein: "Friend Mallaby, if thee feels it thy duty to worship

God by machinery, I trust thee has a good machine?"

George Fox, whose wonderful gift of opening the Scriptures was unrivalled, and of whom Penn observed, "The most awful, living, reverent frame I ever felt or beheld, I must say, was his in prayer," visited this region about four years after its settlement. His preaching was powerful and impressive. The sect which he founded has adorned humanity, and passed into a proverb for the personal virtues of its members.

The course of the settlement after its foundation seems rapid, in view of the political troubles, religious dissensions, and antagonism of municipal interests. Following Carpenter, Simkins, Coles, and Mudge—perhaps even accompanying them, at all events purchasing interests—are Robert and Daniel Coles, John Thompson, Matthias Harvey, Thomas Townsend, Job Wright, and Isaac Doughty. From the year 1680 the settlers are quite numerous, and spread over the adjoining country. The records indicate some confusion of boundaries among the proprietors; and doubtless there was here and there an occupancy without due regard to title.

and partially defiant of the writ of ejectment. However, a liberal and friendly policy forbade danger of collision; and we meet confirmations, concessions, and grants—reciting possessions, and ratifying them to the holders. Under one of these, Richard Kirby, Jacob Broking, George Downing, and Robert Godefree, are established in the title to land which was part of the original purchase by Simkins, Coles, and Carpenter. The family of Weeks appear interested in lands, but reside at Oyster Bay until somewhat later.

Of course there are changes in locations. Simkins comes from Oyster Bay, and perhaps leaves Musquito Cove, for I can trace out none of his descendants. This worthy pioneer acquaints us with the fact that Oyster Bay was sold by the Indians for eighteen shillings and tenpence; and doubtless Assiapum, chief of the savages, considered it a good sale at that price. The shrewder purchasers delayed payment for a year, and thereby economized the interest, and presented an example of frugality not to be forgotten.

It is difficult to trace the course of families at best, but fearfully so when the names are so extraordinary that we stand aghast at their

pronunciation, and silently wonder if they are male, female, or neuter. What was the fate of Maher Shalal Hashbaz Coles! He, she, or it is here at Musquito Cove in 1692, executes deeds, and writes out that strangely Israelitish pronomen with a clear, round, full hand, and evident self-possession and consciousness of personality. The finest writer and best inspired prophet of ancient times was given a son of this name; but from the days of Isaiah down to the present I never crossed such an appellation. The meaning of the words conferred as a name upon Isaiah's son was, "In making speed to the spoil he hasteneth the prey." Is it consistent with the amiability of my Quaker ancestors that they made speed to spoil at Musquito Cove?

Toward the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, commerce is vigorous and thriving along the north shores of the island. Musquito Cove shares in its rewards. Vessels are plying to and from foreign ports. A large traffic has sprung up with the West Indies. The chief articles of importation are rum and Spanish milled dollars. Political economy is under discussion. The colonial government insists upon tariffs

and duties, appoints excise officers, and imposes a tax of ten per cent. upon all goods imported from colonies where they were not produced. The people of Musquito Cove and other settlements devote themselves to the examination of these matters—they found the doctrine of Free Trade as now taught, insist that tariffs are ruinous to the interests of government, remonstrate against their payment, and set forth arguments worthy of Adam Smith, Dr. Wayland, or the *Evening Post*. Averse to quarrels, and loyal to constituted authorities, but nevertheless resolute of purpose, the Long Islanders, failing to impress the governor by argument, submit to a compromise, and offer fifty-two pounds sterling as their share of the excise of the colony. Gov. Dongan, in reply, regards the proposition as unreasonable, for, he says, “Long Island is the most peopled place in the government, and there is a great consumption of *rum* there.” This is in 1684. The next year Henry Filkins is appointed Collector, at a salary of £30 per annum, and a miniature revenue cutter is set up to enforce the revenue laws. In 1687 Gov. Dongan reports to the home government that “unless Connecticut be annexed it will be impossible

to make anything of his Majesty's customs on Long Island, since they carry away, without entering, all our oils, which is the greatest part of what we have to make returns from this place." He complains that his government is cooped up in narrow bounds, mentions good harbors and roads on the north side of the Island, and says that for seven years not twenty English, Scotch, or Irish families have come over into the province of New York; but on Long Island the people have not sufficient room, and move over into the neighboring province. Thus population is large; industry and thrift have accomplished their inevitable results.

The antagonism of views upon Tariff and Free Trade intensifies. Our forefathers fail to secure the compromise, and, still intent upon justifying their faith by works, practically enforce their principles by smuggling. In 1699 one-third of the goods imported into New York are run into Southold, Setauket, Oyster Bay, and Musquito Cove. Government is persistent, and John Townsend of Oyster Bay is appointed surveyor of customs at £30 per annum, and one-third of the seizures. The indignant votaries of Free Trade



defy his authority and abuse his person. Unable to resist the storm, he resigns his post, "through fear of being knocked on the head," as his own words emphatically state. The principles of prohibition are overcome, and rum flows in with unabated force. The consumption of this article at the period named was astonishing. The accounts of the merchants would persuade us that it constituted the chief subject of trade—it seems to have been meat and drink. In a long category of supplies furnished some one hereabouts at this time, we are surprised to find that twelve quarts, thirty-five half-pints, and seventeen gills of rum are reckoned, and the only useful article charged is *the footing of one pair of stockings!* A Father Mathew was much needed in those days.

A member of a distinguished English family, about the year 1700, selected Musquito Cove as the seat for the reparation of his fortunes, and conducted a large and profitable trade. He was perhaps the most extensive importer of his times, and, from a paragraph in the *New York Gazette* of August 9, 1728 seems engaged in the illicit pursuits we have noticed. By that journal it appears that one

Josiah Milliken, of Musquito Cove, denies giving information to the custom-house officers, enabling them to discover and seize several casks of imported brandy and wine concealed in the cellar of Captain Walton. This Captain Walton, in 1754, erected, on Franklin Square in New York, the celebrated Walton House, which at that time was a rare instance of magnificence and luxury. "The fame of its splendor," says a writer, "extended to England, and was there quoted as a proof of the mad extravagance of the colonists, and their ability to support unlimited taxation." During the revolutionary struggle, its hospitable halls were the resort of the gay, fashionable, and distinguished residents of the city, and the officers of high rank in the British army and navy. It was the scene of splendid festivities and elegant entertainments. Years after, Citizen Genet there espoused the accomplished daughter of Governor Clinton. It stands to-day an impressive monument of the futility of human aspirations, and a sure example of the mutability of human designs. Constructed as a palace, it is now the resort of the poorest and humblest. It entertained nobles, and is now a common shelter for laborers. The

house occupied by Walton here, and where the seizure of smuggled brandy was made, still remains, I am told, and is occupied by the descendant of one of the old families of the Cove. Curious legends connect themselves with its history. It is said that Captain Walton, upon the return of one of his vessels, engaged his slaves an entire night in transporting huge chests, filled with milled dollars and Spanish doubloons, from his schooner to the cellar of his house. Closing the night's toil at day-dawn, the munificent master, prompted to unusual generosity, threw wide some chests of the precious treasure, and proffered their contents to his servants. Eager hands flew at the coin, but not a piece could be extracted—so compact were the contents that no mortal power, unaided by instrumental agencies, could move a dollar. Cupidity was foiled, and the weary servants, lost in amazement at the inaccessibility of the treasure, were fain to content themselves with whispered narratives of the marvel. So it floats down to the present, with the added certainty that under each corner of the dwelling rests a full chest, and the present occupant may be sure his house is built upon the *rocks*.

In dwelling upon the customs of the period we are reviewing, I am reminded of a peculiarity noticed in a volume that entitles its compiler to the gratitude of every lover of this town, and the respect of all connected with the family it memorializes. The disposition of property by will, the particularity of description and mode of distribution, illustrate the traditional respect for feudal usages, and the high esteem set upon family chattels and heirlooms. Toward the female, a larger liberality obtained here than at other places upon the island. A fundamental principle of the Friends supported and yielded to women consideration and respect. Military necessities always enhance the value, and often develop the merit of men. Thus it happens that at the same instant of time, in communities differently circumstanced, the sexes are differently estimated.

I am told that in these early days the portion of a daughter in certain parts of the island was a string of gold beads and a side-saddle, and if a cow and a feather-bed were added, the young lady was an established heiress, and might toss her head at ordinary suitors. Here, however, the female descendant shared

more abundantly in the movables. Occasionally a son inherited from an intestate mother; and if she were twice married, and left him to the care of a step-father at her death, arbitration might be invoked to adjust his rights. Thus the "Townsend Memorial" cites the award in the case of Robert Coles and his step-son Robert Shadbolt: "Robert Shadbolt shall have the meanest of them two feather beds which was in the house where he now lives which was his mother's, as also a bolster and two pillows and a coverlet, one of the straw beds, a set of blue curtains and all his mother's wearing clothes that are in the house now," &c., &c.

The value of personal property in these primitive days was greatly enhanced hereabouts by the lack of artisans, a condition common to all newly settled provinces.

It is often given in criticism upon Americans of the present era that each is or feels competent for any duty or position—providing *it pays*. If this be applicable to the Cove, it may very properly be traced to one John Steward, who in 1691 petitioned our neighbors of Hempstead—now Roslyn—as follows: "Inasmuch as it has pleased God to

make me the master of a family, I finding it a necessity to settle myself, I am willing to settle among you to follow the trade of a cooper as also to practise the *art of surgery*. I therefore request that you be pleased to give me eighteen or twenty acres near the plain edge, that bit of hollow called the Bloody Hollow, for which I will be very thankful, and willing to serve you in either of the arts *so far as I have understanding*." Can you conceive of a more ingenuous request? This John Steward will hoop your barrels of rum all day, and if John Townsend, Esq., Collector, has "his head broken" by the bold smugglers, will trepan him at night so far as he has understanding. His selection of "*Bloody Hollow*" exculpates him from the imputation of ill taste, and his merits either as cooper or surgeon are supported by the names of eighty-one persons to his petition.

Memorable among the incidents of the times was the visit of William Kidd, the famous freebooter, supposed to have taken place in 1698. He was endowed with great capacity and energy. His enterprise resembled in most points the modern ones known as petroleum and gold corporations. It was equipped

on the basis of a stock company; and its directors and corporators embraced some of the most distinguished among the English nobles and judges. The adventure was successful, but Kidd fell into the error now mildly styled *defaulting*, and upon his return neglected to account for its profits. The exasperated stockholders caused him to be apprehended, and, unable to convict him of an offence in which they were not participators, or accessories before the act, had him executed for killing a mutineer on board his own ship.

We have already noticed Governor Dongan's statement regarding the populousness of the island. Aside from its attractions of climate, soil, and picturesque scenery, was the chief charm of prudent and liberal rules. Schools were early founded, and facilities of communication, superior for the times to those of the *Long Island Railroad* or the *Steamboat Company*, were established. The municipal authorities looked into the most trifling matters of public accommodation, and dealt justly with the laborer and consumer. They permitted no extravagant charges, no exorbitant tolls; and only four years after the settlement provided at a general town meeting,

with the consent of Henry Townsend, then owner of a mill, "that, by reason of aspersions cast upon the miller, if any person or persons do not like their usage at the mill they are to give notice to the miller, and attend himself or his wife, if he have one, to the grinding thereat. But if they will not attend the grinding, and still cast blemishes on the miller, they are at liberty to grind at another place, and the miller at liberty whether he will grind again for them or not." Millers of the present day would yield better returns if subjected to a like rule.

The disposition to control and regulate personal relations by enactments, was not, however, limited to such matters of public interest. The periwig-maker, who denied his complicity with the customs officers in Captain Walton's case, may fairly be presumed to have busied himself a year or two later in procuring the passage of a statute whereby young men and boys were required to shave their heads and wear a wig. Such a law was made in 1732, and it is one of the many instances of the unfortunate efforts of legislatures to direct individual tastes and conform all to one rule. Its apology is found in its military origin.



A more practical, though amusing, production of the same body, was a law regulating ferriage between New York and Brooklyn. We must remember that this was an age of taxation. Revenue assessors and collectors, excise commissioners and tax leviers abounded, and were at every door. More than three hundred articles were taxed for ferriage, and of eggs, three in every hundred were to the ferryman. The shrewd housewife, who had superintended her husband's grinding at Townsend's mill in the morning, might be seen at Fulton Ferry at midday, counting out her eggs upon the greensward under the close scrutiny of the ferry-master, and doubtless cajoling him by the smoothest of the basket.

In groping through these quaint collections of a past age, we must not forget that what is curious to us was consistent with the ideas of the times. So we find one of the most pious men of his day, the Rev. Samuel Seabury, entering upon his diary a note to this effect: "The ticket No. 5866, in the Lighthouse and Public Lottery of New York, drew in my favor, by the blessing of Almighty God, £500, of which I received £425, there being a de-

duction of 15 per cent.; for which I now record to my posterity my thanks and praise to Almighty God, the Giver of all good gifts." This reverend and worthy man was a missionary of the honorable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, father of the first Bishop in the United States, and one of the most exemplary ministers of the Church. An act, which he deemed not only innocent in human right, but a cause for gratitude to his Maker and for record to all time in that regard, is now by statute made the subject of charge to every grand jury convened in our State.

One year after the settlement of the Cove, the entire list of freeholders in Oyster Bay numbered but forty-one; yet so rapid was the increase in population, that in twenty years, 1687, we note Governor Dongan's statement that the people complain of want of room. This condition, coupled with the migratory disposition of settlers in a new country, led many to seek other homes. The banks of the Hudson presented irresistible attractions to those looking for rich pasture lands, or wishing to escape the harsh climate of the sea-shore. New Jersey was the resort, and became the permanent residence of others. Many of the

old family names here abound in both those regions.

The beauty of Hempstead Bay and Harbor was early celebrated in New York, and the Cove had then, as now, large additions to its population during the summer heats.

With the accession to the throne of William and Mary, a liberal policy toward the colonies was introduced, and under its benignant influence New York rapidly thrived. The fame of immense fortunes easily acquired in the new country spread through England, and impelled thousands to emulate successes that were likened to magic. The rigor of dogmatical teachings bent before the cultivated reasoning of the universities; austerity of personal habit yielded to the polished bearing of hereditary refinement. At the opening of hostilities between this and the mother country, society was rich in learning, tolerance, and personal worth. This village and town, long before that period, had certainly numbered many distinguished men. The Church of England impressed its solemn lessons upon thoughtful minds. Instances of its power increased, and we find among its wardens and vestry at Oyster Bay the names

of those who had long been counted of the Society of Friends, or reckoned among the earnest Dissenters.

The revolutionary struggle broke upon this part of the Island with terrible violence. Before the occupation of New York by Lord Howe, the Provincial authorities had impressed cattle, horses, and forage, disarmed men of loyal tendencies, and raised troops. The inhabitants of the Cove sympathized with the rebellion ; recruits and supplies were furnished to the army of Congress. Their zeal led to some abuse of the loyalists. Robert Coles, "a stout, handsome young man," was in command of a company. The disastrous battle of Long Island was announced to a committee in session at Daniel Cock's, at Matinecock. Terror banished consultation. Some fled to the mainland ; others, in order that their families might be spared, gave a reluctant allegiance to the royal forces. No border territory suffered more severely than this during that long dark period of seven years. Every night had its alarms, every day its exactions. The whale-boatmen from Connecticut were desperate and constant in attack, rapine, and plunder. The British officers and soldiery were brutal,

insolent, and rapacious. The close of the war was productive of additional hardships. The State legislature levied a tax of £37,000 upon Long Island, as a compensation to other parts of the State, for the reason, as it was astutely urged, that the Island had not been in a condition to take an active part in the war ! To no people had the war caused more suffering.

From the final settlement of the revolutionary troubles, the adoption of the Constitution, and the return to steady industry, Musquito Cove has enjoyed a deserved prosperity. Its picturesque scenery, secluded valleys, and lovely shores have invited thousands to a refuge of united tranquillity and delight. It has given to the country eminent names, and afforded an example of virtuous merit at home.

It shared in the political discussions, and contributed to the political literature that followed the war. Humorous writings engaged the attention of the Wits of the times, both here and in our neighboring towns. From these poetical effusions I extract a few lines that seem addressed as an admonition, coupled with a prophecy, to a political aspirant :

“ Ah ! Stephen, Stephen, lower thy pride,  
And cast thy politics aside ;

For, since thy influence is grown  
 So small beyond thy native town,  
 'Twill be impossible to get  
 'Mong Representatives a seat,  
 Until the clams and horsefeet each,  
 Inhabiting the bays and beach,  
 Shall gain a vote, and, to content them,  
 Thyself be sent to represent them."

It must in justice be added that Stephen secured his seat in spite of the rhymester.

MY FRIENDS: Musquito Cove is known no more. A new name and new characters embrace the places our ancestors loved, and over which their joys and tears, their cares and toils, were strewn. We reverently contemplate the scenes that will soon close to sight. We welcome those breaking from the future, and ask of them blessings, as of those of the past. On the two-hundredth birthday of Musquito Cove we may say to Glen Cove: Honor the founders of your seats; imitate their simplicity, earnestness, and patriotism. Let the next anniversary find you with lengthened cords and strengthened stakes. Let it not be said of you that the lessons of the past have fallen upon indifferent minds; that the monuments you build to-day will be the mockeries of your children to-morrow.

# PROCEEDINGS ON THE DAY OF CELEBRATION.

## OFFICERS FOR THE DAY.

*President*—WM. M. WEEKS.

### *Vice-Presidents :*

HENRY HYDE (æt. 96),	SIMON WEEKS,
JAS. S. CARPENTER,	WILLET UNDERHILL,
PERCIVAL GOLDEN (æt. 83),	JONATHAN UNDERHILL,
THOMAS UNDERHILL,	SAMUEL COLES,
ISAAC TOWNSEND,	STEPHEN VALENTINE,
JOSEPH COLES, SEN.,	ISAAC U. CROOKER,
DANIEL HEGEMAN,	JONATHAN WEEKS,
SAMUEL COCK,	JAMES HYDE,
JOHN WEEKS,	DANIEL T. COX.
WM. YARRINGTON,	FROST CRAFT,
RICHARD TOWNSEND,	SAMUEL NICHOLS, SEN.,
STEPHEN SEAMAN, SEN.,	ANDREAS MCQUEEN,
WALTER B. TOWNSEND,	STEPHEN C. UNDERHILL,
JAMES LUYSER, SEN.,	JAMES UDALL,
ELWOOD VALENTINE,	DANIEL CRAFT,
JAS. C. TOWNSEND,	JACOB COLES,
JOSEPH STORRS,	JAMES TRAVIS,
JOSHUA T. WRIGHT,	JACKSON CARPENTER.

JNO. GERMAIN, SEN.,

*Chief Marshal*—SAM'L M. TITUS.

*Assistant Marshals*—GEN. CHAS. HAMILTON, JAS. B. PEARSALL, SAM. M. WEEKS.

*Toast Master*—C. B. GRUMAN.

A part of the following description of the proceedings appeared in the *Glen Cove Gazette* of May 30, 1868 :

To the great disappointment of the people, Saturday, the day fixed for celebrating the Two-Hundredth Anniversary of the settlement of Glen Cove, proved very stormy; and although the band, invited guests, and a gang of Bohemians, armed with Faber's sharply-pointed No. 2's, arrived by the cars, a postponement was unavoidable.

A bright blue sky on Monday morning betokened a clear day, and as the sun rose above the eastern hills, the village bells rang out a merry peal of welcome. Pistols and guns added to the sunrise din, and led some of the half-aroused inhabitants to imagine that Time had taken a leap forward into Fourth of July. Flags were thrown to the breeze and suspended across the street, while many a dwelling along the line the procession was to march was gay with a profuse display of striped and starry bunting. The places of business were closed, and the entire population gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the celebration; while from the surrounding country, stages, express and farm wagons,



carriages and buggies, crowded with people, poured into the village, until the streets were alive with the moving masses, and the Committee on Refreshments anxiously solicitous to know if 10,000 clams, 3,000 sandwiches, 100 splendid great cakes, and pots of butter and loaves of bread, and cold ham and corned beef *ad libitum* would be sufficient for the occasion.

At 9 o'clock Co. E fired a grand salute on the upper mill-dam, the reverberations seeming loud enough to sound down through the shadowy aisles of two hundred years, and summon back the dusky Indians to their once pleasant hunting-grounds.

On the arrival of the 11 o'clock train with the invited guests, the procession, headed by a full brass band, formed in front of the School Building, and from Union Square took up the line of march to the Grove. The principal features were the military (Co. E), under the command of Capt. J. W. Campbell, Jr., evincing that proficiency in drill which has placed them at the head of their regiment; Pacific Engine Co. No. 1, Thos. J. Davis, foreman, with their splendid double-deck machine, exhibiting as cylinder panels four elegant descriptive oil paintings. The machinery

shone like burnished silver, and wreaths and ribbons made a display that reflected great credit upon the company. The Sons and Daughters of Temperance came next, and with their handsome banner and regalia attracted a great deal of attention, and filled many a thoughtful citizen's heart with profound gratitude. The school children followed in holiday attire, and the Directors of the Insurance Company and citizens generally brought up the rear. It was the largest and best appointed procession ever got up in this village. The marshal, Samuel M. Titus, and his assistants, Gen. Hamilton, J. B. Pearsall, and S. M. Weeks, discharged their part of the duties of the day in a satisfactory manner, and with commendable promptitude.

At the entrance to the Grove was a tastefully lettered motto :

<p>GLEN COVE SENDS FORTH A SHOUT OF WELCOME HOME TO ALL HER SONS AND DAUGHTERS.</p>
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The speakers' stand was a substantial affair, without much of an attempt at orna-

mentation of any sort. Let us hope that the young men and maidens of the 3,921st ward of the great city of Brooklyn, embracing the territory formerly known as Glen Cove, when they celebrate the 300th anniversary of the settlement of the ward, will manifest the spirit to suitably decorate the stand with flowers, arches, festoons and evergreens. Nay, we charge it upon them as a duty, as they will see by this copy of what will then be a quaint old paper called the *Gazette*, kindly loaned by the Long Island Historical Society for the occasion.

The original patent of Glen Cove, granted by Gov. Andros, was exhibited on the stand, and the chair occupied by the President was over a hundred years old, a relic preserved in the family of James Dickson.

The meeting at the Grove was called to order by the Hon. E. J. Beach, and the officers before mentioned were chosen.

The first exercise on the programme was music by the band, and they gave the "Star-Spangled Banner" in admirable style. That the glorious old flag be as honored and as warmly cherished a century hence, and dotted with thrice the number of stars, each the

representative of a sovereign state, and the whole typical of an undivided Union, was a thought that no doubt filled many a heart in the vast assemblage, as the grand old chorus went echoing through the Grove.

Then followed, by the Rev. Thomas Malaby, of St. Paul's Church, Glen Cove,

*The Invocation.*

O, Almighty God and Heavenly Father, the Protector of all those who put their trust in Thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, we ask Thy presence and blessing on the occasion for which we are this day assembled. Defend us from all dangers both of soul and body. Save us from all pride, prejudice, and error. Strengthen in us the love and obedience of Thy holy will, and so further us in all our doings with Thy most gracious and ready help, that we may promote the glory of Thy great name, and the welfare of our fellow-men. All which we humbly beg in the name and mediation of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The sweet voices of the children then rose, loud and clear, singing the song written for the occasion :

We come to celebrate the past,  
 With reverend step to tread  
 Back o'er the track of time, and muse  
 Upon the honored dead.

CHORUS—Two hundred years ago to-day,  
 Our hardy English sires  
 Sought here and found a plenteous home,  
 Beside the red man's fires.

Together here in peace they dwelt ;  
 No strife between them rose ;  
 The white and red men, if not friends,  
 Still *here* were never foes.  
 Two hundred years ago to-day, &c.

Under the sturdy settler's axe  
 The forest soon gave way ;  
 The laughing brook was made to work  
 Beneath his skilful sway.  
 Two hundred years ago, &c.

To bless his humble cottage home,  
 Most bounteous stores were sent ;  
 The wheat-field's golden waves of grain  
 Beneath his sickle bent.  
 Two hundred years ago, &c.

Rustling before the autumn breeze  
 The corn majestic stood,  
 The richest blessing of the year,  
 The last—the crowning good.  
 Two hundred years ago, &c.

'Twas thus the white man toiled and throve ;  
 He soon possessed the land ;  
 His sons are here to-day—but where  
 Is *Suscanemon's* band ?

Two hundred years ago to-day, &c.  
 Gone, like a cloud before the sun,  
 No remnant left to trace  
 The story of their dusky sires  
 In their old dwelling-place.

Two hundred years ago to-day, &c.

The Rev. D. A. Goodsell then made an eloquent prayer, after which the Glee Club sang with fine effect,

“ My Country, 'tis of Thee.”

Henry J. Scudder, Esq., whose grandfather once owned the ground on which the celebration took place, was introduced, and delivered *The Address*.

At the conclusion of the address the large audience made their way to the tables, near which the fires had been kindled on two immense beds of clams, just as the Indians arranged them two hundred years ago. The Indian mode of cooking clams has never been improved on, and Long Islanders will, for this if for nothing else, ever hold them in grateful remembrance. *Suscanemon* and *Werah* were not the presiding geniuses of the clam-bake

on this occasion, but they were well represented by William, George, and Isaac Cocks, and David Wansor. The epicures present pronounced the clams delicious; while the Bohemians, as they caught the taste, were transported into the seventh estate of ecstatic delight. Everybody pronounced this part of the exercises "perfectly glorious"—the greatest hilarity and good humor prevailed throughout—not an accident occurred, if we except an occasional explosion of buttons strained beyond the capacity of thread to keep them in their places. Between 1,500 and 2,000 people enjoyed the feast, and finally went back to the stand to listen to the concluding exercises.

Bloodgood H. Cutter, of Flushing, *The Farmer Poet*, then read the following lines, written for the occasion :

My friends ! we have assembled here  
To celebrate th' two-hundredth year  
Of this your pleasant dwelling-place,  
And to thank our ancestral race

For choosing this location, grand  
As any in our common land.  
Here you have a fine water view,  
With all its privileges too.

Oysters and clams grow on your shore,  
 You have them brought fresh to your door ;  
 Then they are a delicious treat ;  
 But canned they're hardly fit to eat.

Last summer we had them on the ship  
 While on our long excursion trip ; \*  
 I did not fancy there their taste,  
 So quantities did go to waste.

Then if you want salt-water fish,  
 Can have the kind just as you wish ;  
 Or if you want the splendid trout,  
 Go to your ponds and fish them out.

Here you have bathing places—good,  
 Where you can enjoy the briny flood ;  
 In summer citizens here come  
 To bathe and enjoy your rural home.

For bathing in the briny swell  
 You know they generally pay well ;  
 That is a great advantage, too,  
 And benefits many of you.

And here you have a fine steamboat,  
 Faster than many now afloat ;  
 In going to the city great,  
 She almost flies through Hell-gate strait.

As up and down with her you go,  
 You find it very healthy, too ;  
 And as you pass each point of land,  
 The scenery is very grand.

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\* Excursion of the steamer "Quaker City" up the Mediterranean, in the summer of 1867.



I think I can now truly say  
 It is equal to Naples Bay,  
 And 'tis by far more safer, too,  
 For no volcano here hurts you.

Then the society that is on board  
 Is generally with knowledge stored—  
 With society of this kind  
 There's great improvement of the mind.

For you to appreciate your home,  
 Around the world a spell should roam ;  
 If in the East a spell you rove,  
 You'll long to get back to old Glen Cove.

You'll find our country of the West  
 Is above all supremely blest,  
 And to our ladies I can say  
 They're highly favored every way.

As regards your cultivation, too,  
 Your tables at our Fair doth show  
 Fruits and vegetables as grand  
 As any in our favored land.

That shows you have 'round here a soil  
 That well repays the farmer's toil ;  
 Your onions, planted in the field,  
 It seems enormously do yield.

Here, too, you have great water-power,  
 That grinds your grain into fine flour ;  
 Your *maizena*, that's manufactured here,  
 And your starch goes most everywhere.

The nations of Europe and the East  
 On that I think do oftentimes feast ;  
 I think I saw the boxes stand  
 In Alexandria the grand.

To me indeed 'twas quite a treat  
 To see there Glen Cove food to eat ;  
 As through strange places we did roam,  
 It pleased us to see things from home.

In Cairo I went in a store,  
 And many boxes there I saw ;  
 In fact, in what great place you go,  
 Glen Cove *Maizena* they do show.

With all these blessings at command,  
 You need not seek another land ;  
 But here you should contented live,  
 And thanks to the Almighty give.

Two hundred years have passed away,  
 And as t' "our fathers, where are they?"  
 Old Father Time has laid them low,  
 And with us all t'will soon be so.

LITTLE NECK, L. I., May 23, 1868.

Letters of regret were read from many persons who were unable to be present.\*

At the request of the President, C. B. Gruman proceeded to read the following toasts, prepared for the occasion—the reading, responses, music, and singing, occupying the entire afternoon.

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\* Found in the Appendix.

## THE TOASTS.

## TOAST NO. 1.

*This Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of Glen Cove*—its 200th Anniversary—a day dedicated to recollections of the past, to pleasant greetings, and to hopeful anticipations of the future.

Responded to by JACOB T. BOWNE.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :* We are here to celebrate a birthday. Our good old mother Glen Cove has reached her 200th anniversary ; and though she bears the marks of two centuries upon her features, we greet her to-day beautiful and improving still. As mothers will sometimes do, she has changed her name now and then.

She retained her original name of " Musketto Cove " until 1834, when, by a vote of her sons, she consented to be called by her present name, " Glen Cove." As early as 1830, the subject of a change of name was agitated and several names proposed—among them the names of Regina, Circassia, Pembroke, and Glencoe—the latter from a place in Scotland.

Long before, back as far as 1773, it had been called Pembroke by many of the inhabitants, but the name was never legally adopted. At the meeting held to decide upon the *change*, after discussing the propriety of several others, *Glencoe* was mentioned, and some person present, misunderstanding the name, and thinking the speaker had said *Glen Cove*, exclaimed, "That's it! That's the name—we can still say 'going up to the cove.'" So by unanimous consent the present romantic name was adopted. While on the subject of names, it may be well to note the origin of several in this locality. The names of Cape Breton and Crown Point—the one used to designate the point where the steamboat wharf now is, and the other the point near Garvie's dock—were applied during the French and Indian war to commemorate the capture of those two places by the English forces. "The Place," the present residence of several *distinguished* citizens, was so called because here was the original "place" of settlement; and as the village and other parts in the vicinity became filled with inhabitants, they always referred to this sunny and pleasant spot as "The Place."

The first mention we find of a settlement in

or about these parts is as follows: "Thomas Terry and Samuel Dearing ask for leave for themselves to settle seven families at Hempstead and ten at Matinecock. Granted, but they are to bring in no Quakers or such like opinionists." It bears date 1661, July 1st.

The first conveyance of land \* is dated May 26, 1663, and given to Captain John Underhill, John Feexe,† and William Frost. On the 14th of March, 1666, Captain Underhill, in writing to Governor Nicolls, "begs to be excused from military service on account of his age." He says, "Myself and seven other families have farms at Matinecock, and are on good terms with the Indians there." This Captain Underhill was quite a famous character in the early history of New England.

"He came from England to Massachusetts soon after the first settlement of that colony. He had served as an officer in the British forces, in the Low Countries, in Ireland, and at Cadiz, and had command in the war with the Pequots during the year 1637. He had some difficulty with the Church at Boston, which, however, seems to have been adjusted before

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\* Thomson's Hist. of L. I.

† Now spelt Feeks.

he left that part of the country. After the termination of the Pequot war, he removed to Connecticut and settled at Stamford. He was a delegate from that town to the general court at New Haven in 1643, and was appointed an assistant justice there.

“During that year he was sent for by the Dutch governor, to take command in the war in which the Dutch were then engaged, or were about to commence, with the Indians situated north of the Sound and west of the Connecticut settlements. This war lasted until the summer of 1646, and was terminated by a great battle at Strickland’s Plain, in Horse Neck, in which the Dutch with difficulty obtained the victory. It is supposed that Captain Underhill had the chief command under the Dutch governor in this war, and it is stated by Trumbull, in his History of Connecticut, that he destroyed three hundred Indians north of the Sound, and one hundred and twenty on Long Island, who had crossed the Sound, in order to ravage and destroy the Dutch plantations there. After the conclusion of the war he settled at Flushing, on the island. He discovered and disclosed the intrigues of the Dutch Fiscal with the Indians,

in order to detach them from the English, and to excite them to hostilities against them in 1653. On the refusal of the commissioners of the united colonies to embark in the war then subsisting between England and Holland, he applied to Rhode Island, which colony had taken part with the mother country, for assistance. He received a commission from that colony, with the aid of a small number of volunteers, authorizing him to act in defence of the English towns against any attack of the Dutch or Indians; and with regard to further hostilities, to act in conformity with such other orders as the colony should prescribe. Under this commission he made an attack on the Indians, at or near Fort Neck, L. I., and took their fort, and thus contributed to arrest the defection of the Indians, to defeat the hostile designs of the Dutch against the English settlements, and to preserve the peace of the island. In 1665 he was a delegate from the town of Oyster Bay to the Assembly held at Hempstead by Gov. Nicolls, and was appointed by him undersheriff of the north riding of Yorkshire or Queens County. In 1667 the Matinecock Indians gave him a deed for 150 acres of land

(called by him 'Killingworth'), a part of which has remained in the family ever since,"\* and is now in possession of one of his descendants, ~~George R.~~<sup>X</sup> Underhill, who holds, as the only title to his property, the original deed granted to Captain Underhill in 1667. He died in 1672, and was buried on his farm. Almost from the date of the settlement of Matinecock, contentions arose between them and the people of Hempstead as to their respective bounds, Hempstead claiming even as far east as "Musceta Coufe," while the line proper, as laid out by the Sachem Tack-apow-chie, was the western shore of Hempstead Harbor. Many were the disputes among the settlers in regard to this, and it was while these disputes were going on that Joseph Carpenter applied to the governor for leave to buy "a certain piece of land on each syde of the ryver at Musceta Coufe, where he proposes to settle two or three plantations and to erect a saw and fulling mill," which, he says, "may prove very advantageous and be much to the welfare of the inhabitants in general within this government." The petition of

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\* A portion of the preceding from Wood's *Long Island*, pp. 76, 77.



Carpenter was granted, and the constable and overseers of Hempstead were ordered to assist him in laying out his grounds, &c. This they refused to do, whereupon the Court of Assizes, the following fall, issued the following order: "Nov. y<sup>e</sup> 5th, 1667. The Governor hath given his grant that Joseph Carpenter shall have leave to sit down at Musketoe Cove, on y<sup>e</sup> east syde of Hempstead Harbor, whether belonging to Hempstead or not." On the 24th of May the following year (the anniversary of which we now celebrate) Carpenter purchased the land of the Indians, and on the 24th of November, 1668, he received with him, as equal shareholders in the property he had just bought, Nathaniel Coles, Abia Carpenter, Thomas Townsend, and Robert Coles.

The first we hear of Joseph Carpenter, he is spoken of as being with his father, William, at Providence, R. I. From there he came, in company with Richard Townsend, to Oyster Bay, in the early part of the year 1667, and from thence to Musketoe Cove. Nathaniel Coles was the son of Robert Coles, one of the associates of Gov. Winthrop in the settlement of Ipswich, Mass. He came to Long Island in 1654, in company with Robert Williams,

and settled at Oyster Bay. Many of the descendants of these two men are still living in our village.\* Soon after the erection of the saw-mill spoken of by Carpenter (which was done immediately after the settlement), it was found necessary to build a grist-mill for the convenience of the settlers. The following is a copy of the agreement of Carpenter with the people after its erection :

"Agreed y<sup>e</sup> whareas I Joseph Carpenter haueing Built A grist mill joyneing to oure new saw mill and upon y<sup>e</sup> stream which belongeth to us five purchasers—Nathanell Colles, daniell Colles, Robartt Colles, Nickolas Simkins and my selfe and in consideration, of three parts in y<sup>e</sup> streme and timbar I Joseph Carpenter doe pledge my selfe my heyres Exsexetors, Administrators and Asignes, soe long as my selfe my heyres Exsexetors, Administrators, or Asignes shall keep or maintaine y<sup>e</sup> saide mill tto grind y<sup>e</sup> aforesaide proprietors corne or grayne for each of there famylies—well and Tolle free for ever, and iff my selfe my heyres, Exsexetors, Administrators or Asignes for y<sup>e</sup> futar shall cee

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\* Mr. James S. Carpenter being now the oldest living representative of the Carpenter family.

case to Lett y<sup>e</sup> sayd grist mill fall and not to keep it in repayre for y<sup>e</sup> fulfilling of y<sup>e</sup> conditions as above inserted, that then and after forever y<sup>e</sup> aforesayde streme to remaine to us five proprietars and oure heyres and Asignes for ever to order and dispose of as we shall see Case—to which I have sett my hand and seale y<sup>e</sup> 14th of Janewary 1677.

“JOSEPH CARPENTER [L.S.]

“Signed sealed and delivered in y<sup>e</sup> presance of us, THO. TOWNSEND, SAMUELL PELL.”

Both the saw and grist mill spoken of were erected on a dam thrown across the stream, from near where Mrs. Harrold's house now stands, to the garden opposite owned by the late Stephen Kingsland. At that time we are told that vessels would run up to this dam and load at the lowest tides. The saw-mill soon grew to be (as Carpenter had promised in his petition to the governor) “very advantageous to the colony;” for in 1678 we find the following letter :

“Mr. Joseph Carpenter. There being present occasion for the use of the Fort for fiftene hundred foote of plank of two inch, more than what is allready writte for, I desire you'll provide it with all expedition.

I having sent a boate expresse to fetch it, who I have ordered to stay till it be ready. Therefore I pray by no means fail herein—I am your very loving Friend

“ A. B.

New York May 27, 1678 ”

The fort spoken of here was old Fort James (formerly, when in possession of the Dutch, “ Fort Amsterdam ”) that stood on the Battery, New York. On the 29th of September 1677, Governor Andros issued letters patent\* to Joseph Carpenter, Nathaniel, Robert and Daniel Coles, and Nicholas Simkins, confirming to them the lands lying about Musketo Cove, as described in the patent. Several of the early documents show that in many instances land was given to parties, provided they settled on it within one year. Fairness and liberality seem to have characterized our early settlers, for we cannot find an instance of any contentions in regard to the division of their lots, which were not always equally divided. Each seemed to be contented with his share. *Might we not profit by their example?* Nothing of much importance hap-

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\* For copy of this Patent see *New York Tribune* “ Remarks of the Press ” in Appendix.

pened from this time to the breaking out of the Revolution. At this time there were not more than twelve large houses in the whole patent.

The spirit that everywhere pervaded our country at this time had found its way to Musketo Cove, and many an honest breast was thrilled with that pure love of country, that caused the uprising of our best and bravest throughout the whole land—to defend that liberty which hitherto they had held as sacredly their own. In and about this vicinity a company of eighty men were organized and marched to join the brigade of gallant Woodhull, who afterwards fell in defence of his country.\* It would be hard to say which felt the ravages of war the most, those who marched to defend their country, or those who were left at home to put up with the insults of the British and Hessian soldiers, who soon swarmed through all parts of our county.

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\* From Onderdonk's "Revolutionary Incidents of Queens County" we copy the following inscription taken from his tomb: "In memory of *Gen. Nathaniel Woodhull*, who, wounded and a prisoner, died on the 20th of September, 1776, in the 54th year of his age, regretted by all who knew how to value his many private virtues, and that pure zeal for the rights of his country to which he perished a victim."

Many there were who would have still held to the cause of freedom, but were compelled at the point of the bayonet to take the oath of allegiance to his Majesty's cause. But time forbids us to proceed further in this direction. Enough, that after the darkness and distress of eight long years of war were over, those who had sacrificed their all had the more cause to rejoice. On the arrival of the news of peace, the people made every manifestation of joy and gratitude. At Thomas Butler's, Dosoris, they had an ox roasted whole, and gave an entertainment consisting in part of thirteen turkeys, thirteen geese, thirteen ducks, thirteen fowls, &c.

There was a dinner at Rem Hegeman's, Cedar Swamp, and a liberty-pole was erected; the festival terminated with a dance, and the rain coming on, it was continued till morning, so that one of the ladies afterward said "she'd been keeping liberty all night."

It would consume too much time to follow the history of the place down to the present day. When the war of the Revolution was over, many years elapsed before all traces of its ravages were obliterated. The incidents of later years are, however, within the recollec-

tion of many now living, and will undoubtedly be referred to by others. Great changes have taken place and are still going on all around us. The present is prosperous, and the future full of promise. But it would require a prophet's eye to look through the coming years to what this village is destined to become, and a prophet's tongue to describe the improvements that will follow each other in quick succession, in the century upon which we are entering. In conclusion, we beg leave to offer the following sentiment :

The next Centennial Celebration of Glen Cove. May they that celebrate it have the same cause to be proud of our memory as we have to cherish those who preceded us.

#### TOAST No. 2.

*The Matinecock Indians*—the original *lords* of the soil. Let their memory be respected, though no boundaries now indicate their possessions, and no monuments mark their tombs.

Responded to by TOWNSEND D. COCK, as follows:

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :* In the soft, gushing sunlight of spring, as bright as that perhaps which greets us to-day, with

an atmosphere as warm and genial as that which surrounds us now, our ancestors laid the foundation of this enterprising village. Although two centuries have winged their rapid flight since this peaceful valley—this quiet, romantic glen—saw the first labor and the first work inaugurated to rescue her from a barren wilderness and to impress with the enduring symbols of civilization and culture this favored spot, yet the remembrance of those who were the early monarchs of the soil come vividly before our minds. The evidences of the existence of the Matinecock Indians have nearly all been obliterated—their hunting grounds appropriated by the industrious, enterprising husbandman—the waters from which they derived a portion of their sustenance and support are now animated with the music of the tireless wheels of manufacture, whose busy, ceaseless activity indicates the growth and truly illustrates the progress of the spirit that controls the age.

And, sir, your Committee very kindly honored me with the suggestion that I should, as a representative of Matinecock, speak for the Matinecock Indians, and yet I hardly know why, unless they imagined that I was descend-



ed in some way from one of the tribe. Possibly their view of the matter may be correct; and if so, it is unquestionably an honor to me, sir, although I must confess that it is rather hard upon the poor Indians. John Randolph of Roanoke used to dwell with great emphasis and peculiar pride upon his Indian blood, and if it was such a distinguished honor to be a descendant of the Indian race of Virginia, I leave you to imagine what a vastly superior distinction it must be to be the acknowledged representative of the *Matinecock* Indians. I had hoped, however, that the duty of portraying the historic character and achievements of those sons of the forest, and illustrating their peculiar and distinguishing traits, would have fallen upon those more competent to do them justice. From my investigations into their history, and my explorations of their record, I cannot find, have been unable to discover, that they differed from other Indians in any marked respect, except that they were *Matinecock* Indians. They smoked their calumets, used the tomahawk similarly and the female portion of their society precisely as other races of Indians do, and I have yet to see the first man who was not glad that they are gone,

disappeared from our midst. The philanthropist and humanitarian may mourn over the triumph of the superior civilization that has subordinated the Indian to its power, and placed the white man in possession of the hunting grounds of the dusky savage, but the comparative achievements of the policy and practice of the Anglo-Saxon race will establish their title to ascendancy as lords of the soil, as "monarchs of all they survey."

When our minds wander back to the hour that marked the settlement of this village—back to the memories of the past—to its stern and heroic conflicts, its revolutionary struggles—to the days when our soil was baptized in blood, for freedom and for truth—to the time when the shadows across the sun of independence shut out for a time the golden light of nationality, we come to realize something of the patient endurance and heroic sacrifices of those who trod before us these paths, pleasant indeed to us, because thronged with fascinating associations, uninviting to our fathers because inseparable from stern realities. My thoughts revert to the time when these quiet vales and charming, luxuriant intervalles were decked in the garb of primitive wildness, and

I see the gloomy Indian range  
 His woodland empire, free as air ;  
 I see the gloomy forest change,  
 The shadowy earth laid bare,  
 And where the red men chased the bounding deer,  
 The smiling labors of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze  
 In wonder or in scorn,  
 As the pale-faces sweat to raise  
 Their scanty fields of corn,  
 While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,  
 By sport, or hairbrain'd rapine, wins his food.

A moment and the pageant's gone ;  
 The red men are no more ;  
 The pale fac'd strangers stand alone  
 Upon the river's shore ;  
 And the proud wood king, who their arts disdained,  
 Finds but a bloody grave where once he reigned.

The forest reels beneath the stroke  
 Of sturdy woodman's axe ;  
 The earth receives the white man's yoke,  
 And pays her willing tax  
 Of fruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields,  
 And all that nature to blithe labor yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their head  
 And gathering crowds expand,  
 Far as my fancy's vision spreads,  
 O'er many a boundless land,  
 Till what was once a world of savage strife,  
 Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Mr. President, but few monuments remain to illustrate the existence of the Matinecock Indians. Their fields are now gemmed with the evidences of the triumphs of industrial pursuits; their favorite haunts, where, amid the solitude of the wilderness and the loneliness of the forest, they followed their ideals of life, are now dedicated to the peaceful and enduring victories of human skill and material greatness; and as time rolls on and ages pass away in quick procession, and empires rise and fall, the sun, lighting up this quiet valley, these green slopes, and illuminating these peaceful hill-sides, will warm the spot and make green the sod that holds in its embrace all that remains outside of historic remembrance of the Matinecock Indians.

Two hundred years have winged their rapid flight,  
 Since o'er these peaceful vales and o'er yon sloping hill  
 The morning beams burst through the gloom of night,  
 And cast their gentle light o'er meadow and o'er rill.  
 The placid stream, as bright and clear as summer's day,  
 That nestles at the feet of yonder tall and rugged steep,  
 Has doubtless seen the savage meet in deadly fray;  
 While now, beneath its placid waters, gloomy records  
                   sleep.

The crystal stream flowed on its course, that sunny hour,  
 And bore upon its silvery wave the Indian's light canoe,

Just as it flows this summer's day, in grand yet silent  
power.

Were speech its gift, 'twould tell the tale, how dusky  
savage slew

His deadly foe, and how he bore in triumph from the field  
The bloody trophies of a desperate victory, dearly  
bought ;

And how the dark-eyed Indian maid would bashful yield,  
Just as the damsel yields to-day the hand by ardent lover  
sought.

Two hundred years ! How swiftly rolls the wheel of time,  
Since first the white man's feet impressed this soil ;  
On every side the symbols of his power are seen,  
The trophies of his arts, the triumph of his toil,  
The towering forest, and the valleys robed in green,  
The smiling hills where the Indian chas'd the bounding  
deer,

And quiet meadow, too, whose velvet paths he trod,  
Now gemmed with grain, erelong a golden harvest yield.  
Here the white man reared his altar to the living God,  
And planted flowers to grow and flourish on this chosen  
field.

To-day we come with open hearts and willing praise,  
To reap those golden fruits and pluck those blooming  
flowers

Our fathers planted here beside the murmuring brook  
To bud and bloom, in the sunlight of a distant hour ;  
And as we come to-day to take a backward look  
In faith, and hope and prayer our eager eyes are turned  
To the glorious memories of a brave, historic hour—  
To that glad day, when thoughtfully our fathers spurned  
The oppressor's burden and the tyrant's deadly power.

Two hundred years ! and who can fondly hope with truth  
to tell  
The future of this favored spot we love so well ?  
The scene before us will be changed, and other hands  
Shall find these haunts, perhaps, the home of foreign  
bands ;  
Howe'er it be, the sun can never brightly rise nor dimly  
set  
On these broad acres, where peace and order sweetly  
met,  
And where the flowers of culture scattered their perfume,  
And man's own hands have plucked the graceful bloom ;  
Unless the noonday light of polished skill and human  
power  
Shall brighten up this quiet vale and deck this charming  
bower,  
Glen Cove, to-day, with joy we bring our offering pure  
and sweet,  
With just ancestral pride we place it at thy feet.  
Where'er our thoughts are turned, or other scenes sur-  
round,  
Nor brighter haunts, nor lovelier homes can e'er be found ;  
No spot with richer hues e'er clustered round the poet's  
dreams  
Than those that grace thy smiling fields or gem thy flow-  
ing streams :  
Thy valleys green with life, the sun of peace illuming all  
thy sod,  
Thy altars dedicate to truth, to freedom and to God.

Mr. President, I give you as a sentiment—  
*"Captain John Underhill, the pioneer of*

civilization in our midst ; his descendants have increased in numbers, as the Matinecock Indians have diminished, until they have become almost as numerous as the leaves of the forest."

### TOAST No. 3.

*The First Settlers of Glen Cove*—They encountered hardships where we are greeted by smiling landscapes and cultivated fields. Let us forever honor and cherish their memory.

Responded to by HON. ISAAC COLES.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :* In response to the toast just given I propose to give in a few words some information relating to the early settlement of this place, and the locality selected by the settlers for the erection of their dwellings. It appears that the first "five proprietors," as they called themselves, settled upon the land west of the village, on the north side of the creek ; the tide flowed then as far up the valley as the site of the upper mill-dam, in a narrow and deep channel.

That portion was divided in small plots comparatively, which they called "home lotts," and upon which they erected their dwellings. They did not immediately divide all of the

land in the "Patent" (as their purchase was called) amongst themselves, but kept quite a large part as common land, which, however, was apportioned from time to time as it was required, not only among themselves, but also to deserving and industrious persons who came amongst them.

Besides the five proprietors, the names of Mudge, Albertson, and Thornycraft often appear upon old papers shortly after the first settlement. It is a curious fact that the name of Thornycraft now furnishes two distinct surnames—that of Thorne and Craft, two families, both of which can be traced directly back to their common ancestor, William Thornycraft.

In selecting places for residences the first settlers chose them in close proximity to springs, streams, or where water probably would be found near to the surface of the ground, which fact is very noticeable along Cedar Swamp Valley.

As probably not many of those present are familiar with the bounds of the "Patent," I will trace them for you. The starting-point was at a marked tree now replaced by a stone marked B, upon the land of John T. Valentine; and from there in an easterly direction, passing



a little to the south of the present residence of Stephen M. Cock, to a point at or near the north-east corner of his farm; from thence a southerly course, crossing the highway just east of the dwelling-house of the late Simon Craft to the north-west corner of "Pound Hollow Woods;" along the west side of the woods to the north-east corner of Andreas McQueen's farm; then westerly along the north side of his farm, and across the Cedar Swamp road, to a point a short distance south-east of the residence of Darius Benham; then northerly, passing a little west of Samuel Craft's residence, until about opposite to Little-worth Lane; then westerly to and along that lane as far as the first turn of the lane southwardly; then a direct line to Hempstead Harbor, at a point a little north of the residence of Townsend C. Willis; then northerly along the shore of Hempstead Harbor and Long Island Sound to Dosoris Creek; up the creek to the pond, then to and through the west or old pond (thus including West Island) to the mouth of Flag Brook; up that brook (which is a southerly course) to its head, and then a direct line, which is still southerly, to the marked stone, containing, according to the Patent, "seven-

teen hundred acres of land as returned by the surveyor." But a list of the land-holders, dated November 11, 1786, that was made out upon the occasion of a final payment of quit-rent, and which gives the number of acres owned by each person within the patent, makes the total number of acres amount to three thousand six hundred and seventy-eight, which, being more than double the quantity given under the hand of the surveyor, leads to the conclusion that he made quite a mistake, or else, to use a modern phrase, "had been seen" by the purchasers. Whichever way it might have been, the losers were the poor Indians, and from that day to this the dealings of their civilized neighbors with them have been conducted too often in the same manner.

#### TOAST No. 4.

*The Glen Cove Lakes*—Objects of utility as well as beauty—bright waters, around which nature has spread her fairest scenes. Their fountains well up as pure and sparkling to-day as when the wild deer sought their coolness, two hundred years ago.

Not responded to. Mr. James B. Pearsall, who was called upon to respond, said:

*Mr. Chairman*—While I appreciate the sentiment just read, and acknowledge the partiality shown in selecting me to offer some remarks in connection with it, I do not rise for the purpose of speaking to this sentiment. Natural beauties like those referred to deserve a poet to speak their praise; and as I have never been a favorite of the muse, I leave the task of celebrating their loveliness to the masters of the lyre. But *I do rise* for the purpose of supplying an omission made by the Committee to prepare the toasts for this occasion, which I can only account for by supposing it to be the result of undue modesty on the part of a single member of that Committee, of New England origin.

Allow me to offer the following sentiment, and I would call upon Mr. C. B. Gruman to respond.

#### TOAST No. 5.

*"Our Adopted Sons of New England."*—In the activities of life the Sons of New England exercise the happiest influence; and recognizing the share we have enjoyed in that influence, we gratefully realize the presence of those in our midst who have contributed to the common benefit.

Responded to by C. B. GRUMAN.

*Mr. President*—I think it is not quite fair to be called up in this manner, when we all expected to hear from the eloquent gentleman who has done me the honor to call upon me to respond to the toast he has given, recognizing the presence of the “Sons of New England.” But I should perhaps be unworthy to be numbered among the adopted sons of Glen Cove, and equally unworthy of being called a son of New England, were I to refuse to respond to a sentiment so complimentary to those of us present to whom it refers.

I see, Mr. President, on this platform and in this assembly many natives of New England distinguished in the various walks of life, far better qualified than I am to interest you—men who can represent that part of our common country with much greater grace and dignity. They cannot, however, recall with greater pride the illustrious names she has given to history, or remember with greater pleasure her mountains and vales, her streams and roaring brooks.

But it is not for her moral greatness, nor for her physical beauty alone, that we cherish her—not for her granite mountains that stand

like citadels of strength up and down her domain—not for her leaping streams that make music through her woods and landscapes, nor for her nobler rivers that turn her thousand wheels of industry and float her shipping to the sea—not for floods and fields and skies alone; but because *there* were the scenes of *our* childhood—there lived the companions of *our* youth—there to day are the honored graves of *our* ancestors—because the *home* of our early years is still the home of many grateful memories.

I remember when a boy, often, in the intervals of labor, standing on one of those New England hills and gazing on the scene around me. To the north, the rising rock-bound ridges limit the vision, but in this direction, extending east and west as far as the eye could reach, lay the waters of Long Island Sound, white with many a sail, and dotted here and there by steamers slowly crawling over its surface to their destined ports. Sometimes white-capped waves danced and sparkled over its wide expanse, and again, with no line upon its face, it lay serenely blue, like a mighty giant in his sleep.

Beyond these attractive waters, lying warm

in the sun and bounding the southern horizon, the eye finally rested on low green hills and white sandy banks, reposing between the blue sea and the blue of heaven. The picture from that stand-point is most beautiful, and, once seen, remains framed in the mind forever, equal to any ever dreamed of fairyland, and it has enticed many a New England boy away from his native hills to try a life on the ocean wave or to seek his fortune in lands beyond the sea. From the sailor's mind a single voyage might dispel all romantic illusions, but we natives of New England here to-day have had no illusions dispelled. These landscapes exceed in beauty the charm that distance lends them. Unlike the ancient wanderers who crossed over Jordan, we did not come from a wilderness here, but from a land of plenty to a land of plenty.

The seasons may be softer here, the soil a shade more fertile, but it is all land of promise, all our common country. We are all proud of the same banner. This same southern breeze, wafted over a thousand miles of ocean, that here fans our cheeks, carries coolness and health to a thousand slopes dotted by New England homes. And though Long

Island Sound stretches between these fair fields and our native shore, we are one people in interest and origin; and so long as the same sky bends over both, may we all, inspired by the same virtue and intelligence, be worthy of our common inheritance.

But I am taking too much of your time. Permit me, Mr. President, to conclude where I should perhaps have begun, by expressing my gratitude to the good inhabitants of Glen Cove, to whom as an adopted citizen I am indebted for many acts of kindness and tokens of good will.

In return it may not be improper for me, who am not a native, to say some things which the proverbial delicacy of the sons of the soil might cause them to leave unsaid.

Glen Cove, whose birthday we celebrate, is not only beautiful for situation and appreciated for its natural scenery, but, sir, it is the home of many noble men and women. When treason threatened to subvert our government, few villages gave a readier or more generous response. Through the nation's long struggle her sons stood on many a post of danger and trod many a field of death, and her daughters, animated by the noblest patriotism, left the

comforts of their own homes and joined their sisters from New England and New York to alleviate in camp and hospital the misery occasioned by the war, and to mingle their tears with them in mourning over its victims. Beyond this, who that was hungry ever here made known his want and still lacked bread? Who that was cold was ever left to shiver out the winter blast unrelieved? What child is here growing up in ignorance for want of teachers and books? What philanthropic enterprise here ever languishes for want of support? Other places may equal it in this respect, but cannot excel.

I beg leave to offer this sentiment : Glen Cove—may its future generations be worthy descendants of the present and the past.

#### TOAST No. 6.

*The Clergy of Glen Cove*—Foremost in every good work, our friends and teachers from the cradle to the grave.

Responded to by REV. THOMAS MALLABY.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen*—If I am privileged to respond to the present very admirable sentiment, it must be because I am the senior resident clergyman in this neigh-



borhood. We know, sir, that in certain cases—among the fair sex at least—the recognition of one on the ground of age is regarded as anything but a compliment; but on an occasion like the present, when antiquity is at a premium, I accept it as a mark of honor that “gray hairs are here and there upon me.” It was the gifted saying of a more gifted author, “I envy not the man whose enthusiasm is not kindled over the ruins of Iona, and whose patriotism is not fired on the plains of Marathon.”

In some modified manner we may transfer the sentiment to the present occasion, and say, he must be more or less than man who, with such themes as are furnished in the sentiment just given, does not feel some “divinity stirred within him”—“the cradle and the grave”—the initial and the closing periods of our present existence—and the Christian ministry intervening between the periods for the welfare of man.

It is a great honor put upon us that we should be recognized as the guides and instructors of our fellow-men. And yet in view of the manifest imperfection of our best work, we can properly accept no commendation but in the spirit of much self-distrust and humility.

It is "the end that crowns the work;" and if in the Great Day it shall appear that the Christian ministry have so served in their sacred calling, that "they have both saved themselves and those committed to their charge," it is enough.

But not to anticipate. We are told, sir, that our work begins at the *cradle*. All honor to the cradle, it is a home-word of blessed memory.

You cannot give any other name that can point the reality so well. I do not stop to question the antiquarian and ask who made the first cradle. Most likely it has had a similar experience with the "sofa," of which the poet has so well discoursed. *Its* first beginnings were in the necessity of some sort of seat, which took on the form and name of the "three-legged stool." By and by "*convenience*" called for the chair, with its arms and back—suggested, it is said, by some alderman of Cripplegate, or by a burly priest doting on his ease. At a still later period "luxury" produced the finished article and called it a "sofa."

So perchance of the cradle. It has gone through the process of development—starting

with "necessity," as when, 200 years ago, it was the style to fit up the young papoose with a baby home of a flat board, with twigs and osiers interlaced, and hang the urchin pendent on some lordly branch, to be rocked by the gentle or the ruder gales of the hour.

The "duckings," in the mean while, he he must have undergone from the rainy season must have been somewhat excessive, if the clouds of that spring-time were as aqueous as they are at this season. So "convenience" contrived, in due time, the covered top and the sides, a shelter and protection from other accidents besides those which come by "flood and field." At length "luxury" stepped in with its soft persuasions of downy feathers, with mahogany or rosewood surroundings, and to give completeness to the whole, finished off with the appendage known as the rockers.

But it is the *moral* sentiment which gives point and meaning to the article in question. The cradle is the "*family coat of arms*" of all nations, climes, and kindred. It is the institution upon which every present and future interest of man is founded. It underlies the throne of kings, as well as it forms the broad

basis of all humbler homes. We must all do homage to the cradle. 'Take it from the family and destroy it, and your vocation, Mr. President, and mine, too, judge, pastor, and civilian of every name is gone. And though we might strut upon the stage, dressed in some little brief authority, it would be like "the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out." Yes, indeed, we must preserve the cradle. The cradle-song of the mother is among the first of all holy ministries; and the inspiration of the nursery is the gentle, loving voice of woman.

Thus it is that the sweet memories which come to us in the long weary day of our older life—as the heart travels back to its infant home, looking for no recoil—are the familiar words, "Give me back my childhood hours," and "Rock me to sleep, mother." Blessed indeed is the mother's mission when, in all loving devotion to her charge, she seeks that higher consecration of her child, in that first of all hallowed homes and nurseries, the church of the living God. Blessed too, and that beyond all compare, is *his* mission who can so improve upon that handiwork that the lineaments of a celestial character shall become manifest and

more luminous as time goes by. To do that work well and sure it is needful to begin betimes: "the child is father of the man;" the manners of our early life repeat themselves in advancing youth, and strengthen with our onward years. The gain is great, the reward is sure, the life is blessed, if the period be spent in the "ways of wisdom and the paths of peace."

For thus shall be illustrated for all loving imitation, the great lesson of life, that the golden fruitage of a manhood, ripe in wisdom and great in goodness, is the product of the seeds of early piety. And so shall that last resting place of man—the grave—be the cradle of a blessed immortality. "So He giveth His beloved rest."

Let us keep the festival of to-day, therefore, in the spirit of those who look for the exalted good; and come what may of chance or change—as they must come—in this present life, we may anticipate with an assured hope a gracious reception at that heavenly banquet, where the guests are furnished with delights ever increasing and ever enduring.

TOAST No. 7.

*The Former Clergy of Glen Cove*—Though

not resident with us to-day, we do not forget their efforts in the cause of moral, intellectual, and religious improvement.

Responded to by Rev. D. A. GOODSSELL, of the "Greenpoint Tabernacle" Greenpoint, L.I.

*Mr. President:* I remember just now, sir, a song which I heard some years ago, entitled "I'm a very unfortunate man." I do not propose so unclerical a thing as the singing of that song, but do apply the title to myself and submit to your superior judgment the question of justification. Last Saturday I came in that aggravating rain to condole with my very dear friend, Bachman, because he could not deliver himself of his speech prepared in answer to the toast just read, and also to rejoice greatly in my own freedom from speech-making liabilities. To-day I came here to hear that speech, and at this point am suddenly informed that my friend has been obliged to leave at three o'clock,\* has taken his notes with him, has uncharitably left no hint of what he intended to say, has not even accidentally dropped a historical reference or funny anecdote. Here, sir, I rest my plea of justification. Your

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\* Left in the 3 P.M. train before this response was made.

sympathizing look shows my cause is won. My distress is not, however, without mitigation, in the honor of responding to a toast so kindly worded and in behalf of men so exalted in character and vocation. Numbering but few of the former pastors among my personal acquaintances, I am unable to furnish either reminiscences or descriptions, having had no access to the sources of historical information, yet I know that they live in your hearts and their record is on high. They were your faithful friends from the cradle to the grave. Sustained by your freewill offerings, they lived only for piety, education and mercy. Never looked upon as the "cormorants and curse of society," you have esteemed them as sound advisers, who spake of whatever could benefit men in this life or give them happiness in the life to come. Their hands imposed the sign of the Spirit's work, welcomed into the Church of God, administered the bread of life, united before men those who were wedded in heart, closed eyes on earth that opened on a "better country, even an heavenly," and dropped dust on the coffin of him who died in the Lord. Their prayers met you at life's threshold, restrained the ardor of youth,

and consecrated the strength of manhood. Your joy was their gladness; your growth their advancement; your prosperity their riches; nor were they unmindful of the entire apostolic command. They soothed the distress of childhood, assuaged the grief of maturity, and comforted the loneliness of the aged. Delighting in the pure joys of the social circle, they have been welcome guests in your homes. They came not to destroy but to heighten and purify your pleasure; to smile approval on all that was Christ-like, and lovingly reprove the appearance of evil. Your children loved them, climbed their knees, and, unrebuked, stroked the head bowed with the care of the churches. And now that the bowed head rests from its labors, and the once unburdened has assumed its load, the former lives in the latter. "His works do follow him."

I should do great injustice to those I so inadequately represent were I not to speak of the work you have done for them. *They* have not been the only teachers. Freely they gave, freely they have received. In the atmosphere of your great-souled hospitality they grew warm of heart. Witnessing your native politeness, they were schooled in all the amenities



of life. Detecting your unobtrusive charities, they were drawn nearer to their Master that they might still lead you.

True, at their call your wealth built these churches, your songs ascended to the throne, your prayers attested a prevailing Israel, but your presence was their inspiration, your love was their reward. And whether translated to the service of the upper sanctuary or to other fields of earthly labor, to part from you has been painful, to remember you, sweet.

God grant that you may never lack faithful pastors, as they will not faithful flocks.

#### TOAST No. 8.

*The Members of the Bench and the Bar of Glen Cove*—Distinguished upon the Bench, at the Bar, and in the Councils of the State, and appreciated for their wisdom, learning, and patriotism.

Responded to by Hon. ELIAS J. BEACH.

[We regret to say that we were unable to procure a copy of the remarks of Mr. Beach.—EDS.]

#### TOAST No. 9.

*The Medical Faculty of Glen Cove*—Ever ready and active in the time of need. Learned, efficient, and philanthropic: their devotion

to our welfare commands our gratitude, and their self-sacrificing labors commend them to our love.

Responded to by Dr. JAMES C. TOWNSEND.

I am fully satisfied, Mr. Chairman, of my inability to respond to a toast so complimentary to a profession of which I am an humble representative. To descant or enlarge on the many distinguished attributes and characteristics of the medical profession would not comport with the spirit of the occasion. Disconnected from the immediate duties of our vocation, you will find the profession ever prominent in the great philanthropic enterprises of the day; ever prompt and ready to coöperate in all such missions as tend to ameliorate the physical condition of man. May I not say that our *presiding genius* is benevolence, and our aspirations instinct of the *highest humanity*. With all of these beneficent attributes, there is a profession to which we concede the supremacy, to which we bow with reverential regard. God grant that the richest blessings of high heaven may descend upon those whose province it is to minister to the well-being of our immortal spirits. Mr. Chairman, you have been pleased to allude to one feature of the

medical profession, that is, its *self-sacrificing* character; would to God that this great truth could be fully appreciated by our fellow-men.

I ask you, Mr. Chairman, to contemplate for a moment the picture of life. At midnight, when you and the great body of the human family are in the enjoyment of a calm and refreshing repose, where do you oft find the medical man? Amidst storms and tempests, amidst thunders and lightnings, amidst the blackness of darkness, where, I say, is *he* often to be found? Is he groping his way to the scenes of hilarity, to the halls of bacchanalian revelry? Ah, no sir, he is shaping his course to the chamber of sorrow and suffering, and, perhaps, of death; where all the sensibilities and sympathies of his nature are to be intensified, and, perhaps, where he is to hear the last and final appeal: O, physician! physician! canst thou do no more to save me from going to my eternal home? This is a grave picture, and I pause.

This being a local celebration, and intended to call forth facts and incidents of person and place, you will excuse me, sir, if I indulge in a few remarks relative *to self*. I am, I believe, sir, the only physician who is a native of this

place, or its immediate vicinity, that has made it the scene of his continuous labor. Here, Mr. Chairman, I began my professional career, and here, by the blessing of Providence, I expect to end it. For forty-eight years and two months I have been battling with suffering humanity. During that period I have travelled, at the lowest calculation, two hundred and fifty-five thousand four hundred and fifty miles. Ten times I have spanned the globe in distance, and I am now well on my eleventh circuit.

But ten days, out of seventeen thousand five hundred and twenty, have I been prevented by indisposition from attending to the duties of my profession. Now, Mr. Chairman, if I have not always, in that period of time, prescribed skilfully for my fellow-beings, I think I have managed *my own case* pretty well. Through this long period of duty, I think, sir, I have seen and learned a little of human nature, and, did the time and occasion permit, I could detail a few adventures and illuminations that might not be uninteresting to my hearers.

This place, or its immediate vicinity, has given birth to two distinguished physicians,

*Dr. Thomas Cock and Valentine Mott.* They were contemporaries, and both studied with the same preceptor, both graduated under the most favorable auspices. Dr. Cock, my venerated uncle, is still in the land of the living, and is in his eighty-fifth or eighty-sixth year. He for many years enjoyed a high reputation, and took rank among the leading physicians of the city of New York. Age and growing infirmity compelled him to retire from the practice of his profession. Of Dr. Mott it is almost unnecessary for me to enlarge: his *renown* is as broad as the expanse of civilization. His name sheds a halo of glory wherever surgery is recognized as a science. *Well may Glen Cove be proud of giving birth to a man so illustrious in the annals of medicine and surgery.* His name and his fame will go down to the latest posterity as one of the great *luminaries* of the age.

#### TOAST NO. 10.

*The Young Men of Glen Cove*—May they in their rising strength add a new lustre to the place of their birth.

Responded to by FRED. A. WRIGHT.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen*—In the name of the young men of Glen Cove I thank

you for the honor conferred upon us by this toast. We are glad to see that the young men of our town are recognized as a power in it; and that though the sage and solemn men to whom its prosperity is due are the ones who should monopolize the attention of the company, yet the young men, the hope of the town in years to come, are not forgotten. This seems somewhat strange; for although young in years, yet am I old in searching the records of Japanese princes, Aldermanic and Dickens dinners, and not yet have I discovered the record of a toast to the *men*. The *ladies* have been toasted (?) so often and so much, that they surely ought to be well done by this time,—though I don't know but that it is with them as with bread—the more you toast it, the fresher it becomes *at heart*. However that may be, we may, I think, stop for a time at least, from toasting their ruby lips, and pearly teeth, from naming thus particularly the anatomy of the female form divine, taking the precaution, however, before we leave, to exact the fulfilment of those mysterious symbols supposed to have been used by a body whose objects are neither social nor literary—the Ku Klux Klan—*O.K. K.B. W.P.*

That our little town has already survived for 200 years, and now appears so strong and vigorous that we are led to believe she is just in the infancy of her existence, is surely a sign that her constitution is an extremely healthy one, and that her people are of the highest order. It has taken labor and exertion of no mean order to accomplish this. Many generations have in the mean time disappeared : infants have become young men, young men have become old, and old men have passed away ; yet our town, like the phoenix from its ashes, rises and flourishes as if with perpetual youth. We, the young men of the present day, think that we are alive to the responsibility which will soon devolve upon us. We love our little village ; many strong and dear ties bind us to her ; her honor, in a measure, is our honor, and we feel that as her success is, so will ours be. On this account, therefore, we shall work with a will ; we shall endeavor to instil the same energy and desire into the hearts of those who come after us, so that, when the three-hundredth anniversary of our village shall take place, the eyes of the inhabitants shall gaze upon such an array of houses and people as we, in our sublimest mo-

ments of inspiration, shall not have dared to dream of,—so that at that time the proudest boast of the Long Islander shall be, “I am a citizen of Glen Cove!”

#### TOAST NO. 11.

*The Women of Glen Cove*—Two centuries ago woman came to cheer and refine the early settlers of these hills and valleys: they are to-day the lights of our homes, and the guiding stars of our lives.

Responded to by BENJ. W. DOWNING.

[We have been unable to procure a copy of Mr. Downing's remarks.—EDS.]

#### TOAST NO. 12.

*The Agriculturists of Glen Cove*—Engaged in the first and noblest employment of man, and the one best calculated to develop his physical and moral nature: upon their intelligence and industry depend the continuance and well-being of every other profession.

Responded to by SAMUEL T. TABER, President of Queens County Agricultural Society.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen*—When invited to participate in the festivities of this anniversary, I at once resolved that there should be no obstacle, if I could avoid it, that would prevent my attendance; but when I



found that a response was expected from me to the sentiment just read complimentary to the agriculturists of Glen Cove, another aspect of the case was presented, and I began to doubt the propriety of a farmer leaving his work, which was so far behind in consequence of the rainy weather, while the season was so far advanced; but my sympathies with this movement, and with those who projected the enterprise, overcame my discretion, and here I find myself, with but little to say. The remark, however, which has been made here to-day, that the "*cradle* is an established institution," although used in another sense, reminded me of the fact that there hangs upon the walls of the Exhibition Hall of the Queens County Agricultural Society, at Mineola, a cradle—a harvest cradle—which had for more than half a century been swung for each successive harvest through the grain-fields of Glen Cove by one of those sterling old farmers alluded to in the sentiment,\* and who, like his cradle, is a glorious type of those aged and eminently practical men to whom so much of the prosperity of this favored region is justly attributable. And seeing so few of them

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\* Henry Titus, of Duck Pond, now aged 85.

here, admonishes us that they are rapidly passing away; and I have been led to query whether it might not be really true that the causes which sometimes obstruct the outpourings of the population of the cities into the lap of the country was not indeed what is often ironically claimed for them, "*blessings in disguise*;" and to doubt whether the increasing wealth of the country was an adequate compensation for the change from habits of frugal industry to those of luxury and extravagance—an old-fogyism, perhaps, suggested by those prophetic lines—

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.  
Princes and lords may flourish and may fade :  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

#### TOAST NO. 13.

*The Mechanics of Glen Cove*—Their skill has reared our dwellings and filled them with the conveniences of life; their hands labor, but intelligence guides their hands.

Responded to by JAMES B. KIRBY.

The skill and intelligence of the mechanics—what have they accomplished? Look around

our beautiful village: every store, house, or manufactory, with nearly all the conveniences they contain, from basement to attic, are the work of their hands. Every means of travel, every carriage that rolls along our streets, every engine that draws the swift trains of cars, the cars themselves, every ship and steamer that floats on the sea, every means of commerce on the rivers, lakes, and oceans of the world, together with all the facilities that make travel comfortable and convenient. Without the mechanic, the farmer could not take the first step in farming, for he is dependent on him for an axe to fell his trees, even should he build a log house to live in ; to him, also, he must look for his ploughs, harrows, spades, hoes, rakes, mowing and threshing machines, and every other implement of husbandry.

Without the mechanic every civilized nation would soon drift back into barbarism, like the Indians once inhabiting these glens ; but with the exercise of their skill our advance in science and learning will continue until the highest pinnacle of earthly prosperity as a people shall be reached, and our village shall stand pre-eminent among the villages of this

model nation of the world. Among the mechanics of Glen Cove, we have the blacksmith making his own tools and standing at the head of the list. The carpenter, mason, carriage-maker, shoe and harness maker, painter, miller, tailor, cooper, tin and sheet-iron workers, starch and building block manufacturers all contribute by their skill and industry to the beauty and wealth of our village; and some of them aid commerce by sending their productions all over the civilized world. And here I would like to make *honorable mention* of one who has always been the friend of the mechanic, both in employing and assisting him in business. I refer to our honorable chairman, *William M. Weeks*, who has always been distinguished for his enterprise and public spirit. For over a quarter of a century I am proud to have been numbered among the mechanics of Glen Cove.

#### TOAST NO. 14.

*The Glen Cove Starch Manufacturing Company, of Glen Cove*—Its massive structures suddenly sprung up in our midst; the value of its productions is known to the whole world, may be found in every clime—thus widely spreading our village name; the

character and energy displayed in its projection are sure guarantees of its success. May the fullest anticipations of its friends be realized.

Responded to by the following letter :

GLEN COVE, May 25th, 1868.

J. K. MILNOR, ESQ., *Chairman of Committee :*

*Dear Sir*—I greatly regret that business engagements preclude the possibility of my joining with you and other friends in the celebration to-day. The sentiments and statements embodied in the toast to which it was my purpose briefly to respond, are, I very freely acknowledge, grateful to my feelings; being in their totality a compliment which the company I represent has honorably sought to deserve. It is an expression of good-will for which I, as an officer of the Company and as your neighbor, sincerely thank you. Again regretting my inability to be with you, and trusting that the day may prove propitious, as it now promises,

I remain your obedient servant,

WRIGHT DURYEA.

TOAST NO. 15.

*The Public Schools of Glen Cove*—Upon the flourishing condition of these and kindred

institutions repose the hopes of our country in the present, and its destinies in the future. May these schools become second to none of their kind, and may these pupils, gladly welcomed here to-day, and who soon perhaps will be dispersed over the civilized world, bear with them from their friendly walls a mental and moral training that shall illustrate their efficiency wherever they go.

Responded to by CHARLES ROBINSON, Principal of the Village Public School.

*Mr. President*—If the foundation is weak, the superstructure, however grand and imposing it may be, is insecure. When the “floods came and the winds blew,” the house built upon the sand fell, while that built upon the rock stood firm. So, if the hopes of our country rest on a good foundation, they will be realized : if not, they will be disappointed.

The Government under which we live was ordained “to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty” to the people living under its sway. Our “hopes” are, that it will endure and accomplish these purposes. The supreme power being in the hands of the peo-

ple, the people must be intelligent and moral to use their power wisely for the promotion of the ends desired. Hence arises a necessity for universal education, which can only be supplied by the *public schools*. Academies and colleges can do much; but more than nine-tenths of our whole population never gain access to their advantages. Did the diffusion of education depend on them alone, a very large majority of the people would be left to grope in hopeless ignorance.

On the public schools, then, the hopes of our country repose. "Without them no republican government can long exist and flourish; with them, wisely fostered and generously supported, no tyrant's sway can long continue, no bigot's views be widely disseminated." As we prize the blessings of liberty, as we value self-government, let us labor for the improvement of the public schools.

Let us strive to make our own—"second to none of its kind"—an honor and a glory to the place.

#### TOAST No. 16.

*The Members of Co. E, 15th Regiment*—We can trust to their courage, should the trumpet

of war summon them to the defence of their country.

Responded to by Sergeant FRANK B. MAL-  
LABY.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen*—If I may respond to the flattering sentiment just offered, it is in acknowledgment of the compliment thus paid us; and if the time should come when our services might be required, I trust that our actions then will establish our claim to the truth of the sentiment. Of our past services, of course much cannot be said; we were but once on active duty, which was in defence of the garrison at Fort Richmond, in the summer of 1864, and yet, by our doing this duty, it enabled the Government to withdraw the regulars stationed there, and place them at the front. We also performed duty at Fort Columbus, Governor's Island, in the same summer, and during our stay there we were in the regular army.

This is indeed a poor record, when compared to that of some of the regiments of the National Guard; but had our regiment enjoyed the same advantages as they, I doubt not but that its services would have been equally as honorable.



I would take this opportunity, in behalf of the company, to present its apology for being so partially uniformed. This is in consequence of the State failing to meet its promises, made from time to time for the last three years, to furnish us with the regular National Guard uniform. It is a proverbial truth that "to deprive a soldier of his legal uniform is to discourage and, to a certain extent, unfit him for duty." I must not forget to notice that some of the members of this command enjoy the honor of having been actually engaged, during the late war, in the several branches of the service. Our worthy Captain\* held the position of lieutenant in the celebrated Harris Light Cavalry, whose exploits in the Army of the Potomac have a world-wide fame, and which, as a regiment, for a brilliant and dashing charge, had no equals; and our well-disciplined Orderly Sergeant† has the enviable reputation of being a lieutenant under General Sherman in his memorable campaign.

There are others holding minor positions in the company who have rendered equally as honorable service to our country during its trying period.

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\* John W. Campbell, Jr.

† Alexander Smith.

In conclusion, allow me to thank you for your good opinion of us; and I trust that our future actions will prove us to be not unworthy of your regard, both as soldiers and gentlemen.

### TOAST NO. 17.

*Pacific Fire Engine Co. No. 1*—Tried by fire, they have not been found wanting.

Responded to by J. W. SOMARINDYCK.

*Mr. President*—In responding to the very complimentary toast to the members of Pacific Fire Engine Company of this village, I would beg leave to remark, that though not deficient in courage, and will, to do, and to dare, still I regret to say, there are many things wanting to make us as efficient as we should be to meet every emergency that we may be called upon to encounter with promptness and success; and notwithstanding the great liberality of our fellow-townsmen, still the funds in the treasury are not only growing "small by degrees," but positively less; and I will take this opportunity to suggest to them the policy of providing the Department with an extra quantity of hose; also the absolute necessity of furnishing facilities for procuring water, both

as to erecting platforms on the borders of your lakes and sinking cisterns at convenient distances in your principal streets; for although you have been most remarkably exempt from fires, still the time may come when a few hundred dollars, judiciously expended now, might save thousands, in preventing an extensive conflagration, to which I think you are extremely liable; but a word to the wise, Mr. Chairman, is sufficient.

The duties of a fireman, especially in our principal cities and towns, are alike arduous and onerous—I speak now of those serving under the volunteer system. Called upon at any moment to leave their business, their pleasures, their beds, in the storms and cold of winter, and the no less trying, but more enervating, heats of summer, they respond to the cry of Fire! Fire! with an alacrity that recognizes no restraint, and with a spirit to which health and life are often sacrificed; but to those who weather the storm and pass “into the sere and yellow leaf,” they can, on looking back on a well-spent, self-sacrificing life, with the poet say: “Let me wrap the drapery of my couch about me and lie down to pleasant dreams.”

Before concluding, Mr. President, I deem some acknowledgment due from us to the members of No. 14 of Brooklyn, for their courtesy in loaning us, for this occasion, some "ornamental panels" which they highly prize as relics of their former pet—our present engine; and, if in order, beg leave to offer the following: The Pacific Steam Fire Engine Co. No. 14 of Brooklyn: second to none in discipline, courage, perseverance, and power, they go forth to conquer and subdue. May their shadows never be less, and long may they wear them.

#### TOAST NO. 18.

*The Volunteers of Glen Cove in the War for the Union*—They followed the national banner into the flaming lines of battle, and defended it on fields forever to be consecrated to history and freedom. We honor and lament the splendid martyrs of liberty who fell, and greet their surviving comrades with respect and gratitude.

Responded to by JAMES W. COVERT.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen*—It is recorded in one of the old books, that bees used to hover around the lips of Plato, attracted by his honeyed words; and were it not that

our season is somewhat backward, I should instinctively have looked half-expecting to have seen bees hovering about the lips of the many eloquent gentlemen who have preceded me—genuine *bees*, Mr. Chairman, and not any of the mosquitoes alluded to so graphically by the orator of the day.

After listening with you to the eloquent addresses which have been given, I might well pause and hesitate before attempting to respond to the sentiment just offered; and yet I do not know why I should hesitate—I do not see how any one could hesitate to respond to a sentiment which so directly appeals to every patriotic heart; even though the words of the response be not as eloquent as the thoughts which inspire it, even though the response be not as gracefully expressed as is the sentiment itself.

Let us turn back the page of history, and live over again in imagination the period covered by the last seven years. Let us carry our memories back to '61. The whole country is at rest. The angel of peace hovers over the land, and the April sun sheds down its rays upon farm and plantation, upon peaceful dwelling and busy workshop,

and the roofs of school-buildings and the spires of churches are bathed and burnished in its golden light. But suddenly, as if by more than magic power, the scene is changed. The white-robed angel folds her vestments around her and wings her way from the scene. The glorious sunlight of peace is darkened, and coming to us loud and deep are heard the first thunder notes of War. Why need we turn to the next page of our history? We know that it tells us of Sumter; that the story is inscribed not only in our history, but in our memories; not only by the pen of the historian, but by the bayonets of our living soldiers, crimsoned in blood by the swords of our fallen heroes, bathed in tears.

As page follows page in our history, so battle succeeded battle; and the same breezes that bore to us the groans of our dying soldiers, bore to us also the call for volunteers. How was the call responded to? From every section of the loyal North went forth the best and bravest of the land. Upon the wings of the spring wind the call was wafted to your village of Glen Cove; and out from your farms, your stores, and your workshops went forth your young men, beautiful in their

strength, noble in their pride of purpose, with the tears of loved ones wet upon their faces. They marched proudly away to the sound of martial music, as lightly, as buoyantly as yonder squad of your citizen-soldiers is marching from us now. [Co. E, 15th Regt. N. Y. S. M. here filed past the platform.]

Why need we turn over the subsequent pages of the history of our war? why need we trace out the battle-fields upon which the volunteers from this village fought, the hospitals in which were echoed their moans of pain, or the prison-pens in which they languished? Upon every battle-field of the war, wherever engaged, they did nobly and well their part in sustaining the old flag, and in supporting the grand principles for which they fought. The years rolled by, and the war storm spent its strength. Its muttering thunder died away over the plains of Virginia, and sunny Peace, bright-eyed and beautiful, again resumed her sway.

“Out from the jaws of death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell, all that was left of them,”  
marched home our volunteers, with eagles of victory upon their banners, their sun-burned brows decked with never-fading laurels.

To-day, in the midst of peace, Glen Cove opens wide her arms to welcome home all her absent sons. She has sent forth her summons, and the large concourse before me shows with what promptness the call has been responded to. Many of those whose arms "have spent their dearest action on the tented field" are with us to-day; and the same faces that in the past looked grimly upon the cannon's mouth, are lighted up with pleasure at the present happy scene. But some of Glen Cove's bravest sons are absent. Ears that were the first to catch the call "To Arms!" have failed to hear your summons for to-day. Why are they not with us? Friendly hands would have clasped their own, kind smiles would have greeted, and warm hearts would have welcomed them. Why are they not here? Out from the graves of our dead heroes comes the silent answer. The hands that would have clasped your own as tightly as they clasped the musket, are stiffened in death. The lips that would have answered back your smiles of welcome, are fixed and motionless. The hearts once as warm in friendship as they were patriotic in impulse, lie still and pulseless forever! In honored graves, never again



to be awakened by war's alarms, sleep those who have not heard your summons,—graves watered by a nation's tears, where—

“honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To deck the sod which moulds their clay ;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

Permit me to offer you as a sentiment:  
*The memory of Glen Cove's gallant dead—*  
May we emulate their patriotism; may we ever be firm in our allegiance to those principles which they died to sustain.

#### TOAST No. 19.

*The Sons and Daughters of Temperance of Glen Cove*—An honorable band engaged in a righteous cause in our village: may their efforts to promote the true doctrines of Temperance continue to be as successful as they have been from the first organization of the society.

Responded to by the Rev. Mr. MALLORY.

*Mr. Chairman*—Many object to this organization, on the ground that it is a *secret* society. Now, sir, it cannot be a *secret* society, or ladies could not become members; for it is said that they cannot *keep* a secret. It follows, there-

fore, that it either is *not* a secret society, or that ladies *do* keep secrets.

But suppose it should turn out to be actually a secret society, it is not the only one.

John and Sally have their secret societies, till matters are matured, and application is made to the minister to consummate their wishes!

Judge Beach having paid to the order a merited compliment, I will only add, it is a complete success. Only look at the facts in the case: here are seventy-five Sons and Daughters of Temperance—all born within the last six months! Brigham Young is nowhere!

---

ORIGINAL SONG.

*By a Daughter of Temperance.*

Sung to the air of "Auld Lang Syne" by the Sons and Daughters of Temperance.

The days of Auld Lang Syne we sing,  
The days of Auld Lang Syne,  
And pledge with joyous voices, friends,  
The days of Auld Lang Syne.

Then, neighbors, fill your glasses up  
With *water* fresh and clear;  
Let God's pure fountains yield the draught,  
Nor scatter poison here.

Oh, bring it from our sparkling lake,  
 Which has not ceased to flow  
 Since first its power turned the mill,  
 Two hundred years ago.

Two hundred years ago, my friends,  
 Two hundred years ago :  
 We pledge in drops that turned the mill  
 Two hundred years ago.

We pledge, Glen Cove, thy wooded hills :  
 Primeval forests there  
 Once waved in strength and majesty  
 Their branches in the air.  
 Those hale old roots now feed our trees,  
 Nor feel the lapse of time,  
 And waft us from their opening leaves,  
 A breath of Auld Lang Syne.

For days of Auld Lang Syne we sing,  
 The days of Auld Lang Syne ;  
 Our green trees tell us many a tale  
 Of days of Auld Lang Syne.

We pledge, Glen Cove, thy rocks of gray,  
 Each lake and crystal stream—  
 Thy pebbly shores, thy Sound and Bay,  
 On which the white sails gleam.  
 • As pure and clear these waters shine,  
 As when the frail canoe  
 Skimmed o'er the waves in Auld Lang Syne,  
 Two hundred years ago.

Two hundred years ago, my friends,  
 Two hundred years ago :

The Indian sailed upon our flood  
Two hundred years ago.

This day we bless this sacred soil  
Where our forefathers trod,  
Through years of bloody strife and toil,  
To liberty and God.  
Embalm we in our inmost heart  
Their strength of soul sublime ;  
With reverent voices bless the dead,  
The dead of Auld Lang Syne.

The dead of Auld Lang Syne we sing,  
The dead of Auld Lang Syne,—  
For deeds heroic bless the dead,  
The dead of Auld Lang Syne.

And not alone for Auld Lang Syne ;—  
We will a tribute pay  
To those who greet in youth and prime  
*This proud Centennial day.*  
*Hope of our coming years ! may you*  
*Deep in each heart enshrine*  
*Your God, your Country, Temperance true,*  
Like those of Auld Lang Syne !

Like those of Auld Lang Syne, my friends,  
Like those of Auld Lang Syne,—  
To God, your Country, Temperance true,  
Like those of Auld Lang Syne.

### TOAST NO. 20.

*The Glen Cove Mutual Ins. Co.*—A valuable institution, it owes its birth to enterpris-

ing citizens of this village. Some thirty years ago it guaranteed less than \$50,000: it now guarantees indemnity to millions of property within the geographical limits of Queens County. May its usefulness continue until it shall rank with the first in the land.

Responded to by J. K. MILNOR.

*Mr. Chairman*—As I am called upon to reply to this toast, I shall attempt to do so—I fear imperfectly, and may not do justice to the sentiment which states that the Glen Cove Mutual Ins. Co. is a valuable institution. To that I fully assent and endorse. It has pursued its even course for over thirty years, and, during that period, saved to the citizens of our county hundreds of thousand of dollars in the trifling cost of insurance charged as compared with other insurance companies. In 1837 it commenced its operations with a line of risks amounting to but \$50,000. Slowly yet surely did it go on from year to year, growing in strength and usefulness until the present time. And where stands, Mr. Chairman, the little bantling of 1837 to-day? Why, sir, to-day, 1868, she stands as one of the solid institutions of the country, granting sure protection to \$6,000,000 of property of the citizens of

Queens County, its policies secured by a capital of \$300,000, and a surplus beyond of \$50,000 in cash. This compares favorably with very many of our solid metropolitan insurance companies, and of the Mutuals in our State. It now ranks second only in its proportions to the Dutchess County Mutual, and second to none in the sure indemnity granted and the pure mutual principles it started with and proudly carries to the present time. Its motto, "*Help one another*," has been again and again illustrated during its existence.

Mr. Chairman, it has been sometimes said that mutuals are not reliable. I am not here to-day to speak for other companies; but, sir, I state, and no one knows better than yourself that I speak truly, the Glen Cove Mutual has been tested in the crucible, and that severely, and ever found reliable, and never was she more so than to-day.

Mr. Chairman, to whom belongs the credit of first giving birth to this project of mutual protection in our village and the county? The toast just read says "it owes its birth to enterprising citizens of our village."

As tradition runs, some thirty years or more ago, following the dreadful conflagration in

New York City of the winter of 1835, which swept away, with but one exception, the entire insurance capital of that city, you of Glen Cove and the county were left unprotected in a measure against the devouring element of fire. An enterprising citizen of this village conceived the idea of mutual insurance for this village and county ; and, sir, permit me to state to this assemblage, that to the honored chairman of this meeting belongs the credit of the first conception of this our Glen Cove Company. Himself and other active and intelligent co-workers of the county placed it in form to brave the sea of fire through which it has passed.

And, sir, you and your associates may or may not have acted with wisdom and far-seeing in the selection of those you placed in charge of your then tiny craft. Be that as it may, the same you then selected are to-day found faithfully at their posts ; and under them, with the advice of yourself and associates from time to time, your little craft has grown to be a stout, staunch frigate of the first class.

This question I shall not decide. It is for Glen Cove, it is for Queens County, it is for this assemblage, to pass the judgment.

## TOAST NO. 21.

*The Village of Glen Cove*—Nestled in its green valley, watered by perennial springs, surrounded by pleasant drives, and overlooked by hills that look on the sea, the pride of all its sons and daughters, and the loved resort of thousands who seek health and pleasure amid its quiet retreats: may its past history afford but a slight indication of its future growth and prosperity.

Responded to by WILLIAM M. WEEKS.

*Ladies and Gentlemen*—I feel embarrassed when called upon to respond to the toast last given, when I am in the presence of so much intelligence and talent. I am like old "Aminadab Sleek" in the play of "The Serious Family:" when he was called upon to give alms to the poor, he declined by saying, "It is not in my way." But, ever ready to contribute my mite in all public enterprises, I cannot shrink from making an effort. The village of Glen Cove two hundred years ago was called Mosketocove or coufe, inhabited by the Indians. Their wigwams were the only habitable tenements. They were located on the north side of the creek; traces of them being still in existence. Two hundred years ago the first white man,



by the name of Carpenter, purchased and settled here, as you have been informed in detail.

The Indian name Musketo Cove existed until the year 1834, when it was changed to Glen Cove by a unanimous vote of the villagers and suburban inhabitants, at a public meeting called for that purpose.

The incentive for changing the name was on account of strangers associating the name of our village, with that obtrusive, offensive, and sharp-biting fly called *mosquito*, a great annoyance to all the human family as well as to animals. Strangers were led to believe that our village derived its name from the quantities of mosquitoes hereabouts. Steam navigation was commenced with New York City in 1830, which, when notice was given in the daily papers and handbills—“*Hailing from Mosquito Cove*”—caused great fear in the minds of those that would like to sojourn with us; but subsequently a different feeling has arisen.

The “perennial springs” referred to in the toast, two hundred years ago were allowed to descend to the valley unobstructed and mingle in union with each other, forming a power-

ful stream to flow to waste. Joseph Carpenter saw its power, which no doubt induced him to settle here. *The Springs*, we must admit, were the origin of the village. At that time water and wind were the only elements to propel machinery. The first mill on the stream was a saw-mill; about ten years afterwards a grist-mill on the same dam and stream; and hence the growth of our village began.

Dosoris being a part of the territory included in the first purchase from the Indians, I wish to relate some few incidents relative thereto. I am informed that East Island, at Dosoris, containing about sixty acres of the best land in our town, was purchased from the Indians for a barrel of rum and two dozen jack-knives, and is now owned and occupied by our respected friend and neighbor Daniel T. Cox and family, and with its water privileges is now valued at \$30,000 or more. As Dosoris since the Revolution has contributed largely to the growth and prosperity of our village, you will permit me to give you a brief sketch of the life and character of the first *enterprising* owner of Dosoris, *Captain John Butler*. After several previous owners, Captain Butler purchased and settled there, erected a

dam and mill for the grinding of grain for a foreign market. Perhaps it will be interesting to some present to hear the early career of Butler. His first occupation was a boatman, as it was termed in that day. He went boating until he arrived at a proper age to learn a trade, when he was bound an apprentice to a saddler living in the village of Oyster Bay. Serving his term honorably and faithfully, and securing his trade perfectly, he was employed by his boss to work journey work, at the highest wages then paid, 2s. 6d. per day and board. He worked faithfully until he had earned £40; he then concluded to take up his money and make an effort to get rich faster than 2s. 6d. per day. Possessing an enterprising disposition, he then visited the city of New York, and was led to a gambling-house, and was infatuated with the winnings around him; he commenced to play, and very soon found himself minus his £40. What did he then do but return to his old employer, engaged with him, and again worked faithfully until he had accumulated another £40, and then he said he had always been taught "to look for the lost where he lost it;" so he took up his money and started for the city, to try his luck again,

believing that luck must turn in his favor ; but fortunately as it proved, he unexpectedly met one of his " boyhood chums " before he visited the place of his destination. Butler told his friend his business ; his friend opposed the project, and said to Butler, " I know of a boat that we can purchase cheap, and if you will join me and buy her, you shall go captain." They went together to look at the vessel, and bought her, and freighted her for Egg Harbor, and made a successful trip. Hence he continued the business until acquiring sufficient means to purchase cargoes on his own account. Just previous to his purchasing at Dosoris, in the year 1760, he made a large speculation. While at some port in Nova Scotia where he had taken a cargo, flour rose to a very great price ; and havin<sup>g</sup> no steam or telegraph communication, off Captain B. starts for New York with his sailing vessel (thinking he might travel as fast as any one else could), to purchase a cargo of flour for that market before the news had reached others. After two or three days' sail towards New York, he met a vessel deeply laden. It occurred to Captain B. that she might be loaded with flour, and perhaps if the news had not reached

them he could make a purchase. He hove to and boarded the loaded vessel, which in fact *was* loaded with flour. Captain B. purchased the whole cargo, to be delivered to the port at Nova Scotia for a certain price, and paid for it. He then went on with the vessel as supercargo, sending his own vessel with the sailors to the city. When Butler arrived at the place of his destination, flour had further advanced in price, and he sold out, realizing \$5 per barrel net on the cargo. The next we hear of him he is operating at Dosoris, building mill-dams and mills—which was the commencement of the contribution to the growth of this village. Subsequently Nathaniel Coles (called *Esquire*) married Captain Butler's daughter, and his several children, namely, John B. Coles, Gen. Nathaniel Coles, Oliver Coles, and Wright Coles, when they arrived at manhood, commenced increasing their operations, making other mill-dams and building more mills, and employed from sixty to one hundred mechanics and laborers, and for many years since our independence the employers and employés brought to our village large amounts of money, requiring a larger number of merchants and mechanics of every de-

scription than if old Captain Butler had not set the ball rolling. I wish to relate a little anecdote of Captain Butler, showing that his mind was all absorbed in business. The style of dress in his day was a kind of frock coat and small-clothes or knee-breeches, and the breeches were made of buckskin, and, being rather burdensome in warm weather, he used frequently to leave them off, wearing his frock and stockings; and having occasion to go to Southold at one time on business of considerable importance, he started off on horseback, and proceeded as far as the village of Oyster Bay before he missed his breeches, and, therefore, had to go back after them and take a fair start, as fifty miles and back was most too far to ride without *full* dress. The Coles are still in possession of a portion of the estate of Captain Butler, as are the descendants of Carpenter, Townsend, Craft, Mudge, Hopkins, and others of our prominent citizens, of a portion of the estates of their ancestors.

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Pattering rain-drops brought the meeting to an abrupt termination. The invited guests were escorted to the cars, the people wended

their way to their homes, and thus terminated an event that will long live in the memory of those who participated in it.

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LINES.

*By a Son of the Soil.*

Shall all the old times be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind?  
 Shall all the old times be forgot,  
 And leave no trace behind?  
     Two hundred years ago this day,  
     Two hundred years ago,—  
 Our fathers founded here a home,  
     Two hundred years ago.  
 We dwell in homes their toil hath bought,  
 We press the paths they trod,  
 We see the works their hands have wrought,  
 While they lie 'neath the sod.  
     Two hundred years ago, my friends,  
     Two hundred years ago,—  
 We'll hail the day our father's came,  
     Two hundred years ago.  
 We'll keep this day as one apart  
 From grief and work and care,  
 And every grateful glowing heart  
 Await a pleasure there.  
     Two hundred years ago, my friends,  
     Two hundred years ago,—  
 We'll ne'er forget those good old days,  
     Two hundred years ago.

And as the years swift onward roll  
Two hundred years to come,  
May thoughts of us inspire each soul  
To sing as we have done.

Two hundred years ago, my friends,  
Two hundred years ago,—  
We'll have a thought of kindness for  
Two hundred years ago.



## APPENDIX.

### LETTERS OF REGRET.

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RICHMOND, INDIANA, }  
May 7th, 1868. }

*Gentlemen*—I have received your invitation to attend the Centennial Celebration on the 23d of May.

I should be very glad to visit my old home and join with you in the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Glen Cove, but at present the prospect of my being able to do so is not very flattering. Yet though I may be absent, I shall celebrate the day here, return thanks for past prosperity, and asking a glorious future for the village of my childhood.

Thanking you for your remembrance,

I am, gentlemen, very truly yours,

THOMAS G. YARRINGTON

To J. K. MILNOR, and others of the Committee.

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ROSLYN, May 15th, 1868.

*Gentlemen*—Your letter of invitation to attend the Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Glen Cove, to be held on the 23d inst., was duly received.

For this mark of consideration and respect I beg to tender you my sincere thanks. I had hoped to be so situated as to have been able without too great inconvenience to have accepted your kind invitation. From present appearances, I shall be constrained to forego the pleasure of being with you on that interesting occasion.

Hoping that it may prove to be a day of pleasure and instruction to all who participate in its festivities, and lead to a more perfect knowledge of our ancestors and their virtues,

I remain very truly yours,

STEPHEN TABER.

To J. K. MILNOR, and others of the Committee.

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ROSLYN, May 15th, 1868.

*Dear Sir*—I am sensible of the compliment implied, in asking me to contribute something in a literary way—verse, I presume—to the approaching celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Glen Cove.

Your charming neighborhood is well worthy of such a commemoration. When the first white man planted himself there, he could not have dreamed to what a vast number of his fellow-men he was opening a most beautiful and welcome retreat from the tumult, the dust, and the summer heats of a great town, now the third city in rank of the civilized world. The occasion is worthy of a readier pen than mine. Inasmuch as I am apt to produce only bad verses when I write for particular occasions like this, I must be excused from complying with your request. If I can make it convenient I shall be most happy to be present at your festival.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

To J. T. BOWNE, Esq.

NOTE.—The above was in response to an invitation to attend, accompanied with a request to contribute something “in a literary way.”

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SOUTH OYSTER BAY, May 18th, 1868.

*Gentlemen*—I have postponed a reply to your invitation to attend at the Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Glen Cove to

take place on the 23d inst., in the hope of being able to furnish a favorable response. I fear, however, that I shall not be able to be present; and with the expression of my great regret that I shall be denied the pleasure of meeting many esteemed friends on the interesting occasion, and my thanks for the honor of the invitation,

I remain most truly your friend,

D. R. FLOYD JONES.

To J. K. MILNOR, W. M. WEEKS, SAMUEL M. TITUS,  
ISAAC COLES, J. T. BOWNE, Committee on Invitation.

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JERSEY CITY, May 19th, 1868.

*Gentlemen*—Your note of invitation to unite with you and the citizens of Glen Cove generally in celebrating the Bi-centennial Anniversary of the settlement of our village (for I still claim to be one of you) was duly received. While thanking you for the courtesy tendered, I regret to add that I shall not be able to participate in the festivities of what I hope will be to all present on that occasion—a joyous gala-day. To the citizens of Glen Cove I would say—forgetting the things which are behind, and looking to those which are before

—let your motto be that of your own Empire State, “Excelsior.”

Respectfully yours,

DE WITT TAPPAN.

To WM. M. WEEKS, J. K. MILNOR, and others of the Committee.

BROOKLYN, May 20th, 1868.

*Dear Sirs*—I received your invitation to be present and respond to the toast given in honor of the Glen Cove Volunteers, and felt highly honored by the same.

But I regret to say that I shall be obliged to decline the honor, as I am so hurried by business that I shall not be able even to make my usual semi-monthly visit to Glen Cove.

Respectfully yours,

JOSIAH C. BROWNELL.

To Committee of Invitation of the Centennial Celebration.

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, }  
NEW YORK, May 21st, 1868. }

*Dear Sir*—Please present my compliments to the other gentlemen of the Committee, and say that I thank them as well as yourself for the honor you have done me by your invitation to Glen Cove on Saturday next. It would give me great pleasure to meet with you and my other friends at that time and

take part in the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of your beautiful and romantic section of Long Island ; but the near approach of the end of our academical year brings with it so many duties that I cannot spare even a Saturday from the city. The reminiscences which may be called up by the reader of history in glancing back over the long course of two hundred years are of the most interesting character, let those reminiscences belong to whatever enlightened country they may ; but when they relate to the place of our birth, to the country for whose institutions our forefathers lived and toiled that we might enjoy its blessings, they are infinitely more interesting than those of any other place. As nothing would give me more pleasure than to be present and listen to the glowing narratives and sparkling anecdotes which such a celebration must of necessity elicit, so nothing but the stern demands of duty keep me away from the festival I should greatly enjoy.

With sentiments of profound respect,

I am yours truly,

G. B. DOCHARTY

TO KIRK MILNOR, Esq.

OFFICE GLEN COVE STARCH MFG. CO., }  
49-51 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK, }  
May 21st, 1868. }

*Gentlemen*—On behalf of the officers of the Glen Cove S. M. Co., I beg to present my acknowledgment of your kindness for the polite invitation to join in celebrating the second centennial anniversary of the settlement of Glen Cove. It is a matter of regret to me personally, that my engagements will prevent my attendance. Though not myself native there, yet, claiming some interest in the place through my children's descent from one of the founders of the settlement, I can appreciate most sensibly the feeling of deep reverence for the past, and bright joy in the present and future, that must animate the breast of every adult or child who can claim your beautiful town as a birthplace.

I shall leave to those of my associates who are "to the manor born," the pleasing task of giving utterance to the mingled feelings of sadness and joy that must swell their hearts in view of the thickly clustering memories of their childhood's home—in the place where their fathers dwelt—and where sleep their forefathers—

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid."

Having been often called, by the necessities of business, to visit your town, I cannot but express the admiration awakened in me by the quiet, unpretending, home-like appearance of your village, and the romantic beauty of its surroundings ; and it has required no great stretch of the imagination to picture the general appearance of the place, and the character and occupation of the aborigines who dwelt there, at the time of its purchase and first settlement by the white man two centuries ago.

Then, at this season of the year, the maize, or Indian corn, was springing up fresh and green, here and there, upon the open patches of land that lay few and far between ; and then might be seen the Indian maidens, without hoops or waterfalls, industriously plying their rude substitutes for the hoe, in tilling the corn (which needed but a slight scratching of the soil to yield a bountiful supply), while all of their male kin were off to the beach, lazily digging for clams, or lounging on the green turf, smoking the tobacco raised by the labor of their swarthy squaws. There were the same broad acres, only covered more thickly by the primeval forest ; and there,



winding through the woods, was the same romantic stream that now makes the scenery of your village so picturesque, quietly seeking an outlet where the starch factory now stands, by way of the creek to Long Island Sound, and thence onward to the great ocean. And when the August sun had ripened the corn, and the golden haze of the Indian Summer warned these untutored children of nature to harvest their stores of food for the long winter, there might have been seen groups of dusky maidens on the margin of the stream, at work with the primitive tools that nature furnished ready made, in the shape of rough stones, with which to pound the maize; nor dreamed they then, that after the lapse of a few years in the cycle of time, that stream, so quietly winding its way to the ocean, would be made by the inventive genius of the white man, subject to his will and be the motive power for the flour-mill to do more perfectly the work that required so much toil and drudging at their hands.

Nor dreamed the poor Indians then, that the clear water that should flow along that stream would in the years after they had passed to the pleasant hunting-grounds of

their Great Father, be the incipient cause, to originate the idea of building the most complete factory for the manufacture of starch on the Western Continent,—that has gathered its raw material (the original maize of the Indian) from a thousand miles toward the setting sun, and by the power of machinery, the wondrous work of Anglo-Saxon inventive skill, has prepared an article of trade that has made the name of Glen Cove known throughout the greater part of the civilized world; and has sent a manufactured article called "*Mai-zena*" to that region of the East, long styled "the Cradle of the Arts," where, more than twenty centuries ago, a product perhaps equally good was made by Egyptian skill, but the secret of its manufacture was probably lost in the darkness of the Middle Ages.

But a truce to reflections of this kind, that might be extended at will according to the fancy of the mind in contrasting the collection of rude wigwams of the Matinecock Indians of 1668 with the picturesque village of Glen Cove in 1868, with all the appliances and refinements of the highest social culture; and advancing rapidly in population and wealth, aided by the powerful adjuncts

of steam as applied to manufactures and locomotion.

That the descendants of the founders of the settlement of Glen Cove may continue to grow in prosperity and comfort, and be gathered like "shocks of corn fully ripe" unto their fathers, is the earnest wish of,

Gentlemen, yours most respectfully,

EDWARD B. COBB.

To Messrs. J. K. MILNOR, ISAAC COLES, WM. M. WEEKS,  
J. T. BOWNE, SAMUEL M. TITUS, Committee.

NEW YORK, May 21st, 1868.

*Gents*—I had promised myself the pleasure of being present and participating with the sons and daughters of Glen Cove and vicinity, in the approaching celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of its settlement, but now find professional engagements will prevent.

Although not a native of your village, it is yet a source of honest pride to me that I was born within sound of her academy bell; and it is with much regret that I am compelled to be absent, and to lose the pleasure of listening to the sentiments of those who may on that occasion address the citizens and reunited emigrants from the village and neighborhood,

and of again enjoying the society of former friends and acquaintances. I can only express a sincere and ardent hope that every circumstance attending your celebration may be propitious, and that to all present the occasion will be full of interest and enjoyment. If not out of place, and the opportunity shall offer, I will beg you to submit for me the following sentiment :

Mosquito Cove—Though she has changed her *maiden name* and grown to be two hundred years old this day, yet “her eye is not dim—nor her natural force abated.”

I am very respectfully and truly yours,

JNO. J. LATTING.

To J. K. MILNOR, Esq., and others of the Committee on Invitation.

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OYSTER BAY, May 22d, 1868.

*Dear Sir*—My thanks are due to yourself and the gentlemen associated with you, for the invitation to be present at your Centennial to-morrow.

A previous engagement in the city will prevent my being present. I trust that everything will favor your laudable effort to perpetuate the memories of the forefathers of your

beautiful locality, thus making their energy, perseverance, and sacrifices, incentives to their descendants of the seventh and eighth generations who will cluster around you to strive to perpetuate again to their posterity the virtues of their ancestors.

Yours, &c.,

SOL. TOWNSEND.

To J. KIRK MILNOR, Esq.

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LOCUST VALLEY, QUEENS CO., N. Y., }  
May 27th, 1868. }

*Gentlemen:* I was obliged for your invitation to be present at the Centennial Celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Glen Cove Village, and intended to have participated on that eventful, well-chosen, and pleasant occasion; but unexpected occupation interposed.

I have since learned with pleasure, that nothing occurred to mar the success of your very satisfactory programme; and may Glen Cove make such progress in the future, as will be agreeable to *your* wishes, and furnish for its next centennial an equally public-spirited and

worthy committee for its celebration, is the  
wish, gentlemen, of

Yours most truly,

CHARLES E. TOWNSEND.

To Messrs. J. K. MILNOR, WM. M. WEEKS, SAMUEL M.  
TITUS, ISAAC COLES, J. T. BOWNE, Committee.

## REMARKS OF THE PRESS.

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(*The Sunday Mercury*, May 24, 1868.)

*Bi-Centenary Celebration at Glen Cove.*—Yesterday was to have been a red-letter day in Glen Cove, as it was selected for the celebration of the bi-centennial anniversary of the settlement of that beautiful village. Two centuries will have come and gone *this* morning since the chiefs of the Matinecock tribe, Suscanemon and Werah, after long deliberation, and much puffing of the indispensable calumet, with fitting solemnity and due form transferred this village, then an unsettled tract of land, to “one Mastyr Joseph Carpenter,” an English settler, for the purpose of setting up a mill and other buildings.

By the Indians, the site of the Glen Cove of our day was known as Musceta Coufe. The elements, however, combined against the proposed anniversaries yesterday; and we need hardly say that the good people of the hamlet

were sorely disappointed. For some time past the residents of Glen Cove and its vicinity had been busily engaged in its preparations for the coming event; and, besides the mere expenditure of time, thought, and trouble, a respectable sum of money had been contributed, that nothing might be wanting to heighten the enjoyment of the festivities. The labor of love, for such indeed it was, had been cordially entered upon by the whole of this little community, from the "oldest inhabitant" to the little school-girl. The Committee of Arrangements were: Mr. Samuel M. Titus, Messrs. Milnor, Coles, and others. The officers for the day were: President, William M. Weeks; Vice-Presidents, Mr. Henry Hyde, Capt. John Germain, Sen., Samuel Coles, and twenty-nine others; Chief Marshal, Samuel M. Titus, Esq.; Assistant Marshals, General Charles A. Hamilton, James B. Pearsall, and S. M. Weeks, Esqs.; Toast Master, C. B. Gruman. The proposed order of the procession was to have been as follows:

Full Band of Music; Military; Orator of the Day, and Officers in Carriages; Fire Department; Civic Societies; Locust Valley, Glen Wood, Greenvale, Walnut Grove, Bay-



ville, and Glen Cove Schools ; Invited Guests and Citizens, forming under direction of the marshals, opposite the Glen Cove Public School, and marching thence to Union Square, and returning again through School and Glen Streets to Mr. James Coles' grove, and baking of an Indian clam-bake on the largest scale ever attempted on Long Island. The order of the exercises, after the conclusion of the repast, were to have been : Music by the Band ; Invocation by the Rev. Thomas Mallaby ; Singing by the Schools ; Prayer by the Rev. C. C. Mallory ; Singing by the Glee Club ; Address by Henry J. Scudder, Esq. ; Toasts and Sentiments, and the Benediction.

All day Thursday and Friday the bustle of sandwich-cutting and custard-making, and attending to the thousand-and-one things requiring preparation, were heard in every household ; for not the least pleasing feature of the day's enjoyment was to be the fact that each and every one contributed his or her quota according to respective ability. Coles' Grove, kindly proffered for the occasion by Mr. James H. Coles, was the scene of carpentering and joinering ; and the great tables, three in number, and each one hundred and

twenty feet in length, would have called forth admiration from even a Stoic. On Friday the pleasantness of the weather heightened the glow of anticipation of a favorable morrow. But those who had been reviled for croaking on the preceding evening were found to be true prophets, for the morning light and the beginning of the dreary drizzle was a damper that was entirely tangible, and required no Thatcher to describe it. Unpleasant as was the morning, however, it did not keep back the visitors from New York, nor those residing in the vicinity of the village, from putting in an appearance, as though to conciliate the unconscionable clerk of the weather by an apparent trustfulness in his mercy. At about half-past ten the train from Hunter's Point arrived with Murn's Band, and a score or more of those disciples of Mark Tapley, who are "jolly under any circumstances." They were warmly greeted by their rural and riparian friends, who could appreciate the visit in such weather at its true worth. But it was absurd to talk of following the programme; but in deference to those who desired it, a meeting was called by the Committee of Arrangements in the Glen Cove Hotel, to hear an ex-

pression of the popular feeling. Mr. Milnor was made chairman *pro tempore*, and among those to speak in favor of a postponement until Monday (to-morrow) were the delegates of the Long Island Historical Society, Alden J. Spooner and Captain Lewis, the former observing that such a festive ceremony without the presence of the fair sex would be indeed the play of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark's lines omitted.

The speech had the effect of reconciling all to the necessity of a postponement, and to-morrow was designated as the bi-centennial anniversary.

Many courtesies were extended to the New York visitors of the Glen Covies, especially by S. M. Titus, Esq., who made them his guests.

(*New York Evening Post*, May 26, 1868.)

*Bi-Centennial Celebration at Glen Cove.*—The two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Glen Cove was celebrated yesterday under favorable auspices. The day was delightful, and the societies and residents of Glen Cove generally attended, together with a large number of visitors and invited guests. Messrs. J. K. Milnor, Wm. M. Weeks, Samuel

M. Titus, Isaac Coles, and J. T. Bowne, Committee on Invitations, were very attentive to guests.

At ten o'clock the procession formed, composed of firemen, temperance societies, and Sunday-school scholars, a military company, scholars of the public schools, &c. About two thousand persons were present. After passing through School and Glen Streets the procession entered the grove, when Wm. M. Weeks was chosen chairman, and J. K. Milnor, secretary. A large number of vice-presidents were also chosen.

After music and prayer, Henry J. Scudder, orator of the day, delivered an eloquent and instructive address, in which he set forth the virtues of the Quakers especially, and recited with much humor the facts that led to the earlier designation of the region as "Musketo Cove." He then said that the patent of Governor Andros, dated 1677, gave to Joseph Carpenter, Nathaniel Coles, Daniel Coles, Robert Coles, and Nicholas Simpkins, 1,700 acres of land in consideration of the annual payment of "one bushel of good winter wheat." Prior to this, in 1668, Joseph Carpenter had established his tide-mill at the en-

trance of the Cove, which was the first movement of settlement. This was fifteen years after the settlement of Oyster Bay. The address of Mr. Scudder developed many curious facts as to the manners and customs of the earlier times, the buccaneering of Captain Kidd, and the smuggling of Captain Walton, who had a residence at Glen Cove, and afterwards built the elegant mansion in Pearl Street, which is so famous in New York annals; the extent to which the settlers used the article of rum; the advertisement of the settler who proposed to carry on the combined arts of coopering and surgery, and the good-nature of Friend Tommy Coles, who could not be induced to approve of the church organ, but who said, "if the congregation would worship God by machinery, he was thankful they had so good a machine." The outfit of a well-conditioned young lady in the improved times of the colony, the speaker said, was a side-saddle and a string of gold beads. The Indians living in the neighborhood of Glen Cove at the time of its settlement were the Matinecock tribe. At the conclusion of the address a vote of thanks was tendered to the speaker.

The proceedings were brought to a pleasant termination by those present doing justice to a clam-bake that had been provided. The occasion was much enjoyed by those who were fortunate enough to be in attendance.

The celebration was suggested by Jacob T. Bowne, who has given much attention to collecting charters, deeds, and documents throwing light on the history of the village.

(*New York Herald*, May 26, 1868.)

*The Settlement of Glen Cove, L. I.—The Bicentennial Celebration Yesterday.*—The bicentennial celebration of the settlement of Glen Cove, which was to have taken place on Saturday, was postponed until yesterday, owing to the inclement state of the weather on the original day appointed. Among the many and beautiful villages of which Long Island characteristically boasts, Glen Cove is in no degree a secondary specimen for beauty of location, picturesqueness, and design. The manner in which the village is modelled is at once sufficient to convince a visitor of the fact, and enhance the pleasure of a stranger's visit. The village is bountifully provided with fresh and salt water, the former being

kept in the best and neatest manner, and supplying at the proper seasons of the year the fish which serve as a delicacy and a decoration to the feasting-table. The river is dammed at points, and the tidal waters supply the place of steam in propelling the factory machinery for which the "Cove" is noticeable, and which give abundance of employment to laboring people. The village is accessible by boat from New York, and by the Long Island Railroad at various hours of the day; and the people seemingly availed themselves of the opportunity by either mode of transit to be present, for at an early hour the streets were lined by those who were not particularly interested in the formalities to be observed, and also by those who were to take an active part in the exercises, and which occasion was to mark an event in the period of their lives.

On the 24th of May, 1668, the chiefs of the Matinecock tribe, Suscanemon and Werah, deeded to Joseph Carpenter "lands lying on both sydes of Musceta Coufe," for the purpose of erecting a saw-mill and a dwelling-house thereon. Upon this same strip of land now stand the ancient structures which Mr. Carpenter erected two hundred years ago, and

which were looked upon at that time by the few white settlers as a great piece of mechanism, and an invaluable improvement to the then thinly populated locality.\* One hundred years ago the centennial celebration was held;† but since that time many a human frame has returned to dust, and the children of those who were then officious in the grand celebration, now assume the *rôle* of their fathers to celebrate the anniversary in the same manner.

Accordingly at ten o'clock yesterday morning, they paraded through the principal streets and then to the Grove, where Henry J. Scudder delivered an oration, when the assembled group sat down to the tables well laden with food which had been prepared for the occasion. After dinner, toasts were offered and responded to for upwards of five hours, when the party began to gradually disperse, and at seven o'clock the Grove, which was but a few hours previously so busy and life-like, was left

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\* This is quite a mistake ; the mill built by Carpenter was carried away by a freshet in 1699. His house stood a short distance south-east of the residence of James Dickson until within a few years.—J. T. B.

† This, too, we fear, is a mistake, as the records do not show it.



alone in the company of the birds which there abound.

(*New York Sun*, May 26, 1868.)

*Settlement of Glen Cove—Bi-Centennial Anniversary—A glance at the Notable Points of the Place.*—A celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Glen Cove, Long Island, was to have taken place last Saturday, but was very partially carried out, and postponed finally until the first day of fair weather. Five hundred children and numerous spectators, from neighboring villages, arrived in the morning, together with a brass band, and many visitors from New York, but were dismissed by the Committee of Arrangements through fear of a storm as the day advanced.

The following is the programme arranged, which is yet to be carried out: A procession, consisting of a band and Company E, Fifteenth Regiment N. Y. State Militia, guests in carriages, firemen, citizens, and the Glen Cove, Walnut Grove, Locust Valley, Bayville, Glen Wood, and Greenvale Schools were to have proceeded to Coles' Grove, and partaken of a clam-bake. The exercises were to be an

invocation, singing by children and a glee club, a prayer, an address, a benediction, sentiments and toasts ; the whole to be mingled with music.

Mr. Samuel M. Titus was named as Marshal, with Gen. Chas. A Hamilton, James B. Pear-sall, and Samuel M. Weeks as aids.

Glen Cove was first settled May 24, 1668, by Joseph Carpenter, Abia Carpenter, Robert, Daniel, and Nathaniel Coles, and Thomas Townsend, who, under the leadership of Joseph Carpenter, bought "certain lands lying on both sydes of the ryver at Musceta Coufe," on which they proposed to settle and build a saw and fulling mill. The site of this settlement is now called "The Place," and is occupied by the oldest houses of the village.

The original name of the locality was Musceta, changed to Mosketo or Mosquito Cove. Not liking the title, the inhabitants changed it, in 1834, to Glencoe, which, by a mistake of the chairman of the meeting for the purpose, was called Glen Cove. Those present preferred his misnomer, and adopted it. During the year previous to Carpenter's arrival, Captain John Underhill, famous in colonial wars, had a deed presented him by the

Matinecock Indians of a hundred and fifty acres in the neighborhood, which his descendant, Mr. George R. Underhill, at present enjoys. Captain Underhill had long before left the scene of his exploits in Massachusetts, and settled at Stamford, whence he emigrated to Flushing in his old age, and was made under-sheriff of Queens County.

The posterity of the original settlers are numerous in the neighborhood, and also in this city. The progress of the village was very slow for many generations. It had but twelve houses during the Revolutionary War, and had but little improved by that of 1812.

In 1835, a boarding-house called the Pavilion was built by William M. Weeks, which in after years was extended to an establishment accommodating 300 people. For the last quarter of a century it has been a favorite resort, and has called the attention of New York citizens to the beauty of the neighborhood. Several of these now possess fine residences there. Prominent among them is that of Mr. Thomas W. Kennard, which stands on beautifully ornamented ground, and commands a fine view of the Bay and Sound.

He purchased the property of Burton the

actor, but has remodelled the original house externally, leaving only the inner walls. Burton gave \$500 an acre for the land thirteen years ago. It would now command at least \$1,000. It covers forty acres, and is valued altogether at fully \$250,000. Mr. John La Farge has fifty acres and a handsome residence on a neighboring bluff. Mr. Wm. M. Weeks possesses a house and four acres valued at \$60,000. The Pavilion Hotel, owned by him, is considered worth \$35,000, with its site of two acres. Judge Beach has a house and grounds of ten acres, conspicuous for their beauty, and valued at over \$30,000. Messrs. Thomas T. Jackson, Willet Weeks, and William T. Carpenter have also notable residences. The brothers Wright and John Duryea, proprietors of the Glen Cove Starch Manufactory, are not behind their neighbors in the taste of their dwellings. In addition to their extensive starch establishment,\* the industries of the locality consist of the New York Building Block Company, which compresses sand and lime into a building material; Atwaters, Benham & Co.'s tin and sheet iron ware factory; together with the Glen Cove Flour Mills,

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\* The largest in the world.

and the large sand and clay works of James S. Carpenter & Sons, at South Glen Cove. Land around the village would readily sell, in any direction, at \$400 an acre, but is generally held at from \$500 to \$1,000. Three churches, an Episcopal, a Catholic, and a Methodist, minister to the spiritual needs of the neighborhood; and a private academy for both sexes, with a large public school, train the rising generation. Many old inhabitants may be seen basking in the sun. Among them Henry Hyde takes the precedence. His age is ninety-six, and his faculties are in good preservation. He was formerly a boatman.

According to the testimony of these old gentlemen, no centennial celebration took place in 1768. They would otherwise have heard of it in their youth.

*(Long Island Farmer, of Jamaica, May 26, 1868.)*

*Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of Glen Cove.*—This beautiful village, situated on the North Shore of Long Island, was settled on the 24th of May, 1668, making it just two centuries on Sunday last since the Chiefs of the Matinecock tribe, Suscanemon and Werah, after long deliberation and much puff-

ing of the indispensable calumet with fitting ceremony and due form, transferred this tract of land, yet in forest, to "one Mastyr Joseph Carpenter," for the extravagant sum of a little wampum, a few jack-knives and axes, and a modicum of rum.\* The site of the present village at that time was known by the Indian name of Musceta Coufe, which it retained until 1834, when the inhabitants, after considering the names of Regina, Circassia, Pembroke, and Glencoe, decided on the latter, which, however, was mistakenly styled Glen Cove by the chairman of the meeting; those present, considering the misnomer preferable, decided it should so remain. The site of Carpenter's purchase is now called "The Place;" from it the village radiates in various directions. In the Revolution it boasted of only twelve houses, and had but slightly increased by the war in 1812. Since 1835, when the Pavilion Hotel was built as a summer resort, Glen Cove has gradually enlarged. During the past few years, by the erection of numerous factories, a considerable impetus has been

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\* On what authority this is given we do not know, as the consideration to be paid is not mentioned in the original deed.

given to the population, which now numbers some fifteen hundred. In deference to the Friends, whose yearly meetings commenced yesterday, Saturday last was set apart as the day for the bi-centennial anniversary of its settlement. The elements, however, combined against the proposed anniversary, greatly to the disappointment of the good people of the hamlet and vicinity, who for some time past have been busily engaged in preparations for the coming event, and, besides the mere expenditure of time, thought, and trouble, had contributed a large sum of money, that nothing might be wanting to heighten the enjoyment of the festivities.

On the arrival of the 10 o'clock train from Hunter's Point, the rain poured down in torrents, so that it was absurd to talk of following out the programme of the day, and a meeting was called by the Committee of Arrangements, when it was decided to adjourn till Monday.

Yesterday morning (pursuant to postponement), the weather being cheering when compared with that of the previous two days, added new pleasure to the spirits of the participants in the programme; and as they marched through the principal streets and

along the side of the river, it was animating to see the still waters sparkle in the cloudless sun, like nature's eyes looking up to heaven. The line of march was composed of the military, firemen, Sunday-school societies, civic societies, invited guests in a long line of carriages, which arrived at the Grove about 12 o'clock, when the oration was delivered by Henry J. Scudder, and after the party had indulged themselves quite freely, there was no particular order of programme observed, and enjoyed themselves most sumptuously and dispersed when they felt thus inclined.

(*New York Tribune*, May 28, 1868.)

*Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of Glen Cove.*—The bi-centennial celebration in honor of the settlement of Glen Cove was held on Monday. At early dawn the villagers were awakened by the ringing of bells, and for miles around the hills and valleys of that beautiful region echoed with the roar of cannon. The day was pleasant, and many were the guests who partook of the hospitalities which were so lavishly tendered them. The loyal flag was suspended across the streets in many places, and from



almost every house the Stars and Stripes were flying. All nature seemed to say, "You are welcome;" for fields and forests were green, and the apple and lilac blossomed by the road-side. Every house was filled with people, and the streets were lined with children. About 11 o'clock the procession was formed, in the following order: Co. E, 15th N. G. S. N. Y., headed by the 5th Regt. Band of New York; the officers and orators of the day in carriages; the Fire Department, with their engine "Pacific" (No. 1), formerly (No. 14) of Brooklyn; the civic societies, including the Sons and Daughters of Temperance; and the Locust Valley, Glen Wood, Greenvale, Walnut Grove, Bayville, and Glen Cove Schools; invited guests and citizens. Forming under the direction of the Marshals, opposite the Glen Cove Public School-House, the procession marched to Union Square, and returned through School and Glen Streets to the Grove of James H. Coles, where the exercises were held. The procession was nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and it made a fine appearance as it marched through the streets with music and waving banners. That part of the procession composed of children was

particularly noticeable. At the Grove the speaker's stand was tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens. Over the centre hung the words—

“ This day two hundred years ago,  
Our hardy English sires  
Sought here and found a plenteous home,  
Beside the red man's fires.”

Over the road, at the entrance to the Grove, a large banner was suspended, on which was inscribed in large letters—

“ Glen Cove sends forth a shout of ‘ Welcome Home ’  
to all her sons and daughters.”

On the stand were the following named Vice-Presidents of the day, many of them among the oldest men of the place: Henry Hyde (æt. 96), Capt. J. Germain, Sen., James S. Carpenter, Simon Weeks, Percival Golden, Willet Underhill, Thomas Underhill, Jonathan Underhill, Daniel T. Cox, Richard Townsend, Frost Craft, Stephen Seaman, Sen., Samuel Nichols, Sen., Walter B. Townsend, Andreas McQueen, James Luyster, Sen., Isaac Townsend, Samuel Coles, Joseph Coles, Sen., Stephen Valentine, Daniel Hegeman, Isaac U. Crooker, Samuel Cock, Jonathan Weeks, James Hyde, Stephen C. Underhill, Ellwood

Valentine, James Udall, Dr. J. C. Townsend, Daniel Craft, Joseph Storrs, Jacob Coles, Joshua T. Wright, James Travis, Jackson Carpenter. Also, Chief Marshal, Samuel M. Titus; Gen. Charles A. Hamilton, James B. Pearsall, Samuel M. Weeks, Assistant Marshals; Toast Master, C. B. Gruman, together with members of the press.

The exercises were opened by Wm. M. Weeks, who occupied the chair. He said that the celebration was first suggested by Mr. Jacob T. Bowne, and brought before the people by Mr. E. M. Lincoln, editor of *The Glen Cove Gazette*. Henry S. J. Scudder, Esq., of New York, then delivered the opening address. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I greet and congratulate you on this occasion. The commemoration of the settlement of this beautiful village demands our heartiest welcome, and should be attended by wholesome lessons. In the whirl of events, the vicissitudes of fortune, the hot pursuits of personal advancement, we overlook the merits of those who are gone, and forget alike their labors and sacrifices. We may look back over these 200 years since the first white settlement of Mōsketo Cove, with the consciousness that in

bestowing this feeble tribute of attention we are performing a duty which will bring an abundant return." The speaker reviewed the past and present, and showed how a people virtuous and intelligent have progressed. He also related many curious anecdotes in connection with a history of the early settlements. In closing, he said: "Mosketo Cove is known no more; a new name and new characters fill the places our ancestors loved, where they lived and loved, toiled, wept, and died. We reverently contemplate the scenes that will soon close to sight; we welcome them breaking from the future, and ask of their blessings as of those of the past, on the two hundredth birthday of Mosketo Cove. We may say to Glen Cove, Honor the virtues of your forefathers, imitate their earnestness, simplicity, and patriotism. Let the next anniversary find you as willing and ready as you are to-day; and let it not be said that the lessons of the past have been received with indifference, or that the monuments you build to-day will be the mockeries of your children to-morrow." [Great Applause.]

At the conclusion of the address the multitude marched to another part of the Grove,

where refreshments had been prepared. Here three tables, each 123 feet long, were spread with sandwiches, cake, and bread and butter. A monster clam-bake, near by, supplied the people with all the shell-fish they could eat. More than 100 large cakes, 250 loaves of bread, 3,000 sandwiches, and sixty bushels of clams were consumed. The greatest attention was paid to the guests by the ladies and gentlemen in attendance. Nothing could have been added to the hospitalities of the occasion. The first table was occupied by the children of the different schools, the centre by the Sons and Daughters of Temperance and the invited guests, and at the last sat the firemen, opening and eating clams by the bushel. The rest of the people took their turns as fast as the tables could be cleared. About 2 o'clock the seats at the stand were filled with a *well-filled* audience, to listen to the numerous toasts which were to be offered. Several distinguished gentlemen from New York and Brooklyn were present. Mr. C. B. Gruman presided as toast-master.

The exercises were opened with an appropriate poem, by Mr. Bloodgood H. Cutter. Letters of regret from absentees were read by

the Secretary. The band then played "Auld Lang Syne," and the toasts were offered and responded to, as follows:

"The Day we Celebrate." Jacob. T. Bowne.

"The Matinecock Indians." T. D. Cock.

"First Settlers." Isaac Coles

"Glen Cove Lakes." James B. Pearsall.

"Our Adopted Sons from New England."

C. B. Gruman.

"The Clergy of Glen Cove." The Rev. Thomas Mallaby.

"The former Clergy of Glen Cove." The Rev. D. A. Goodsell.

"The Bar of Glen Cove." The Hon. Elias J. Beach.

The "Medical Faculty of Glen Cove." James C. Townsend, M.D.

"The Ladies of Glen Cove." Benjamin W. Downing.

"The Young Men of Glen Cove." Fredk. A. Wright.

"The Agricultural Representatives of Glen Cove." Samuel T. Taber.

"The Mechanics of Glen Cove." James B. Kirby.

"The Glen Cove Starch Company." Responded to by letter.

"The Public Schools of Glen Cove." Mr. Charles Robinson, Principal.

"Pacific Fire Engine Company No. 1—Tried by fire and found not wanting." J. W. Somarindyck.

"Co. E, 15th Regiment N. G. S. N. Y." Sergt. Mallaby.

"The Volunteers in the War for the Union." Mr. James W. Covert.

"Sons and Daughters of Temperance of Glen Cove." The Rev. Mr. Mallory.

"The Village of Glen Cove." William M. Weeks.

"The Glen Cove Insurance Company." Mr. Milnor.

The band then played, and the benediction was pronounced. The toasts and responses occupied about five hours, and hundreds of people stood during the entire exercises. Many of the speeches, though long, were eloquent. Old times were reviewed and early associations recalled, and presented in a manner to bring tears. The sun was setting as the people slowly walked to the village. In the evening twilight they lingered, and it was not until after many hands were shaken and farewells given that the guests departed. This

bi-centennial anniversary will long be remembered. Everything passed off without the least disturbance of any kind. A noticeable feature was, that not a drop of spirituous liquor was allowed on the grounds. Yet never was a celebration more enjoyed than this. The applause was frequent and the tears shed were many.

The first settlement in that vicinity was in 1661. Thomas Terry and Samuel Dearing asked leave to settle seven families at Hempstead, and ten at Matinecock, which was granted on condition that they brought no Quakers or like people with them. The first conveyance of land made was dated May 26, 1663, and given to Captain John Underhill, John Feeks, and William Frost. Much contention arose touching the boundaries; and while the disputes were going on Joseph Carpenter applied to the Governor for a piece of land near the river at Musketo Cove, on which to erect a saw and fulling mill. The petition was granted, and the overseers and constables of Hempstead ordered to assist him. On the 24th of May, 1668, Carpenter purchased the lands now occupied by the village from the chiefs of the Matinecock Indians. The place was



then known as "Musketa" or "Mosquito Cove." Mr. Carpenter received into partnership with him Nathaniel Coles, Abia Carpenter, Thomas Townsend, and Robert Coles, and immediately erected the mills before spoken of. In 1677, Governor Andros granted letters-patent to Joseph Carpenter, N. and R. Coles, and Nicholas Simpkins, for the lands around Mosquito Cove. This patent, which is still preserved, was exhibited at the celebration. It is written in old English, interspersed with a few bold flourishes. The following is a copy of this ancient document:

"EDMUND ANDROS, ESQ., by the grace of God Lieutenant and Governor-General under his royal highness James Duke of York and Albany, &c., of all his territory in America. *Whereas*, there is a certain tract of land at Musketo Cove, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, upon Long Island, which by my order hath been laid out for Joseph Carpenter, Nathaniel Coales, Daniel Coales, Robert Coales, and Nicholas Simpkins, the said land lying by the side of Hempstead Harbor, beginning at a certain marked tree, formerly marked for Col. Lewis Morris; running then due east by the land of the said Col. Morris 80 chains; rang-

ing the same course from Col. Morris's eastern bounds to a certain marked tree upon the common, 40 chains; thence south 160 and 4 chains to certain marked trees, 90 chains due west to the rear of the lotts of Richard Kirby, Jacob Brocken, George Downing, and Robert Godfrey; thence due north by the said lotts 60 chains, and thence due west to the water-side, ranging thence by the water-side to the Run of Col<sup>o</sup>. Lewis Morris, and thence nearest south to the first marked tree; including in the same the swamp and Mill Run to the said Patentees, containing in all 1, 700 acres, as by the return under the hand of the surveyor doth and may appear. *Know yee*, that by virtue of his Majesty's Lettres Patent, and the commission and authority unto mee given by his Royal Highness, I have given and granted, and by these presents do hereby give and grant unto the said Joseph Carpenter, Nathaniel Coales, Daniel Coales, Robert Coales, and Nicholas Simpkins, their heirs and assignees, the aforementioned tract of swamp, mill-run, and premises, with their and every of their appurtenances. *To have and to hold* the said tract of land, swamp, mill-run, and premises, unto the said Joseph Carpenter, Nathaniel Coales,

Daniel Coales, Robert Coales, and Nicholas Simpkins, their heirs and assignees, unto the proper use and behoofs of them, the said Joseph Carpenter, Nathaniel Coales, Daniel Coales, Robert Coales, and Nicholas Simpkins, their heirs and assignees forever. The making improvements thereon according to law, and yielding and paying therefor yearly and every year unto His Royal Highness's use as a Quit rent, one bushel of good Winter wheat, unto such officer or officers as shall be empowered to receive the same. *Given* under my hand and sealed with the seal of the Province in New-York, this 29th day of September in the 29th year of His Majesty's reign, A.D. 1677.

" E. ANDROS.

" Examined by mee, MATTHIAS NICOLLS, Secty.

" Entered into the book of y<sup>e</sup> records of land evidences of Oyster Bay, in page y<sup>e</sup> 25, and examined by

" JOHN NEWMAN, Recorder."

At the commencement of the Revolution there were but twelve houses within the whole patent. The settlement after its foundation grew rapidly; considering the religious and

political dissensions which prevailed. In 1653, settlements were made in the adjoining village of Oyster Bay, from whence the settlers mostly came at this time. The importations were mostly rum and Spanish milled dollars. Spirits was looked on as next to bread itself. In 1691 John Stuard petitioned the people of Hempstead Harbor, now called Roslyn, as follows :

“ Inasmuch as it has pleased God to make me master of a family, I, finding it a necessity to settle among you to follow the trade of a cooper, as also to practice the art of surgery, I therefore request that you be pleased to give me 18 or 20 acres, near the plain edge—that bit of hollow called Bloody Hollow—for which I shall be very thankful, and willing to serve you in either of the arts, so far as I have understanding thereof.”

The inhabitants of this part of Long Island suffered terribly during the Revolution, for they were strongly in favor of the rebellion. The Indian name, Mosquito Cove, was retained till 1834, when a meeting was called to decide on a new name. The inhabitants proposed Regina, Circassia, and Pembroke. At last the Chairman mentioned Glencoe,

the name of the town which Miss Porter, author of "Scottish Chiefs," had rendered famous. Some one in the audience, misunderstanding the pronunciation, cried out, "Glen Cove! Yes, that is the name, for we can still say, 'Going up to the Cove.'" The effect was electrical; and from that day to this the village has borne its present name.

Glen Cove has long been celebrated for its pure waters and beautiful scenery. The village is situated on the north shore of Long Island, on Hempstead Harbor, and about twenty-five miles from New York. Though the place has only 1,500 inhabitants, yet it contains many fine residences. In 1835, a boarding-house, called the Pavilion, was erected by Mr. William Weeks, who is now the owner of a residence valued at \$60,000. Judge Beach, Messrs. Jackson, Weeks, Carpenter, Titus, and others have fine grounds and buildings in this place. Land in the village and vicinity is worth from \$400 to \$1,000 an acre. Burton, the famous comedian, before his death owned a magnificent residence overlooking the harbor. The estate now belongs to Mr. T. W. Kennard, engineer of the Atlantic and

Great Western Railway. The trout ponds of Glen Cove are worth going miles to see, as also is the magnificent beach, which lines the harbor for many miles.

What first attracts the visitor's attention is the number of beautiful children and the absence of rowdies. Nowhere is the grass greener or the flowers more beautiful than at Glen Cove.

After the celebration was over, a number of the citizens accompanied a part of their guests to the depot, where a special train was in waiting. Hands were shaken, the "All aboard" given, and soon the waving handkerchiefs and the town among the trees were left in the distance.

*(Long Island Times, of Flushing, May 28, 1868.)*

*The Bi-Centennial Celebration at Glen Cove—Postponement on Saturday.*—The citizens of Glen Cove had for some time entertained the idea of celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of their town on Saturday the 23d of May. Extensive and most excellent preparations were made to carry their intention into effect; and but for the unfavorable weather of Saturday it would

have been one of the most marked days in the history of the village. The day was to have been ushered in with the ringing of the bells, and at 9 o'clock a salvo of artillery was to have been fired. The proposed programme also included a military, fire company, and civic procession, an oration in a grove near the depot, and an Indian clam-bake. Saturday dawned, but a thick veil of clouds obscured the sun, and from the clouds rain poured down in torrents. The prospects for the celebration were wofully dubious. The ringing of the bells was deferred, and the salute was not fired. Company E of the Fifteenth regiment appeared under arms, and several of the local organizations that intended to join in the procession gathered in full numbers ; but still the rain descended, and it was out of question to think of marching 500 children through the streets of the village, or of gathering the villagers and their numerous friends, who were expected from the towns around, in a grove to listen to the speaking. For several hours the Glen Cove Hotel and its immediate vicinity was filled with a crowd of anxious persons, each desirous to learn what was to be done. At about 11 o'clock the train from Hunter's

Point arrived, with fresh accessions to the crowds already gathered. Accommodations were provided for transporting the invited guests to the Glen Cove Hotel, and on their arrival there a consultation of the citizens was held. The delegations from abroad were respectable in point of numbers, and included representatives of the press from New York, our own village, and elsewhere, and a delegation from the Long Island Historical Society. The meeting was called to order by the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Wm. M. Weeks, Esq., who urged the impracticability of carrying out the programme, and proposed that, in accordance with the notice contained in the invitations sent out, the exercises should be postponed till Monday or the first fair day. He was supported in his proposition by Dr. Jas. C. Townsend and several of the Committee of Arrangements, and by Alden J. Spooner, Esq., and Capt. J. S. Lewis, the delegates of the Long Island Historical Society; and with considerable unanimity the disappointment was submitted to with cheerfulness, and the exercises were postponed.

The children of the public schools, the fire



company, and several of the civic societies had already retired; and after listening to a little music from Murrin's Band from New York, which had been engaged for the day, the crowd of villagers around the hotel began to thin out.

The representatives of the press and others from abroad were taken in charge by individual members of the Committee of Arrangements and the kindest attentions shown them. In company with Mr. T. W. Newbold, special reporter of the *New York Times*, we were taken by Mr. Richard M. Bowne to his own residence, afterwards dined at the Glen Cove Hotel, where a most bountiful repast was spread for the guests; and then, accompanied by Mr. Bowne and W. C. Gibson, the keeper of the Pavilion Hotel, were taken about in a covered carriage to see the principal sights of the locality.

*The Celebration on Monday.*—Postponed from Saturday the celebration was successfully carried out on Monday. The President of the occasion was Mr. Wm. M. Weeks. The vice-presidents were thirty-five in number, in great part descended from the original settlers. The marshal was Mr. Samuel M.

Titus, with Gen. Chas. A. Hamilton, James B. Pearsall, and Samuel M. Weeks as aids. The toast-master was C. B. Gruman. The order of procession was:—Band; Co. E, Fifteenth Regiment N. Y. State Militia; orator of the day and officers in carriages; the fire department; civic societies; children of the public schools; invited guests, in carriages; citizens, on foot. The procession was formed opposite the Glen Cove Public School House, marched to Union Square, and returned through School and Glen Streets to the Grove of James H. Coles, where the following exercises preceded the clam-bake:

1. Music, by the band.
2. Invocation, by the Rev. Thos. Mallaby.
3. Singing, by the schools.
4. Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Goodsell.
5. Singing, by the Glee Club.
6. Address, by H. J. Scudder, Esq.
7. Toasts and sentiments.
8. Singing, by the schools.
9. Benediction.

The attendance in the Grove, we understand, was about 3,000 persons. The address of Mr. Scudder was of great interest historically. The feast that followed the intellectual treat was the bake of sixty bushels of clams, and 2,000 beef and ham sandwiches. The day was one which will ever be held in

pleasant recollection by all who participated in the celebration.

*Sketch of the Town—Historical Reminiscences.*—To the kindness of Mr. R. M. Bowne, and his son J. T. Bowne, we are indebted for most of the facts we have incorporated into the following sketch of the town and its history:

The immediate vicinity of the town includes several charming little villages, hamlets, and spots, with the pleasant names of Locust Valley, Glenwood, Greenvale, Walnut Grove, Bayville, and Glen Cove. The first settler was Joseph Carpenter, who obtained from the Indians a grant of land, about seventeen hundred acres in extent, on both sides of the Creek, which runs into the Sound; and with Nathaniel and Robert Coles, Abia Carpenter, and Thos. Townsend, erected here, beside the red man's fires, the first white man's dwelling. A saw and grist mill, a fulling mill, and other buildings were soon put up. Among the early settlers was Capt. John Underhill, famous as the "Indian killer," who had served as an officer in the Netherlands, in Ireland, and at Cadiz, and subsequently emigrated to the colony of Massachusetts Bay, from whence he

led the colonial forces against King Philip and the Pequot Indians, in 1637. He subsequently removed to Stamford, in Connecticut, and after fighting the Indians in that State till 1646, removed to Flushing, and here (in our own village) in 1665 was made under-sheriff of Queens County. Underhill led the fight against the Indians at Fort Neck, the really great Indian fight of this vicinity.

The Indian name of Glen Cove was "Mus-ceta," and in its immediate vicinity dwelt the Matinecock tribe of Indians. The settlers at first called it only "The Place," because here was the original place of settlement. They subsequently called it "Musketo" or "Mosquito Cove," after its Indian name; and still later it was frequently called "Pembroke." In 1830 the question of a new name was mooted; but it was not until 1834 that the present name was accorded to it. Among the names proposed were "Regina," "Circassia," and "Glencoe," the latter the name of a place in Scotland, which in national scenery this locality was said strongly to resemble. It was decided that this name should be adopted, but some prominent man at the meeting mistook the pronunciation of the word, and exclaimed,

“That is good—we can still say that we are going up to the *Cove*.” And so the misnomer obtained rather than the name which it was intended to give.

The whole region is a delightful one, so far as natural scenery is concerned. Springs and lakes water it, and trees cover the sides of its beautiful hills. Here and there the village church spire rises amid green foliage, and the residences of its citizens display evidences of wealth and taste.

The progress of the village was very slow for many generations. It had but twelve houses during the Revolutionary War, and had but little improved by that of 1812. In 1835 a boarding-house called the Pavilion was built by William M. Weeks, which in after years was extended to an establishment accommodating 300 people. For the last quarter of a century it has been a favorite resort, and has called the attention of New York citizens to the beauty of the neighborhood. Several of these now possess fine residences there.

The most costly and charming residence and grounds in the place are the property of T. W. Kennard, the engineer of the Atlantic

and Great Western Railroad. The grounds were formerly owned by the late William E. Burton, the theatrical manager. They are situated on a high bluff immediately overlooking Long Island Sound, and from both house and grounds on a fair day a most charming prospect of land and water may be seen. Burton gave \$500 an acre for the land thirteen years ago. It would now command at least \$1,000. It covers forty acres, and is valued altogether at fully \$250,000. Mr. John La Farge has fifty acres and a handsome residence on a neighboring bluff.

Mr. Wm. M. Weeks possesses a house and four acres valued at \$70,000. The Pavilion Hotel, owned by him, is considered worth \$35,000, with its site of two acres. Judge Beach has a house and ground of ten acres, conspicuous for their beauty, and valued at over \$30,000. Messrs. Thomas T. Jackson, Willet Weeks, and William T. Carpenter have also notable residences. The brothers John and Wright Duryea, proprietors of the Glen Cove Starch Factory, are not behind their neighbors in the taste of their dwellings. In addition to their extensive starch establishment, the industries of the locality consist of

the New York Building Block Co., which compresses sand and lime into a building material; Attwater, Benham & Co.'s tin and sheet iron ware factory, a saw-mill, and a grist-mill.

Land around the village would readily sell, in any direction, at \$400 an acre, but is generally held at from \$500 to \$1,000. Three churches—an Episcopal, a Catholic, and a Methodist—minister to the spiritual need of the neighborhood, and a private academy for both sexes, with a large public school, train the rising generation.

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## STATEMENT OF THE COMMITTEE ON REFRESHMENTS.

50 Bush. Clams, @ \$1.00	. . . .	\$50 00
100 lbs. Corned Beef, @ 22c.	. . . .	22 00
102½ lbs. Ham, @ 22c.	. . . .	22 50
150 Loaves of Bread, @ 15c.	. . . .	22 50
15 lbs. Butter, @ 50c.	. . . .	7 50
Mustard and Pepper,	. . . .	1 50
2 Gals. Vinegar, @ 50c.	. . . .	1 00
Help, &c.,	. . . .	10 00
3 Gross Knives and Forks,	. . . .	16 00
300 Plates,	(use of them)	2 50
12 Doz. Tumblers,	“ “ “	1 00
3 “ Large Dinner Plates,	“ “ “	50
2 “ Common Pie Dishes,	“ “ “	50
		\$157 00

NOTE.—In addition to the above, there were contributed by the ladies, 120 *cakes* and 50 *loaves of home-made bread*, of a quality such as only the ladies of our village can produce.

## TREASURER'S BALANCE-SHEET,

*Bi-Centennial Celebration of Glen Cove.*

Dr.

CASH PAID.

Refreshment Committee's bills.				
John G. Hendrickson & Co.....	\$22	00		
J. McNamara .....	7	50		
J. M. Weeks.....	20	24		
R. M. Bowne.....	5	63		
H. A. Wheeler.....	4	50		
Coles & Birdsall.....	16	00		
H. F. Emmerson.....	15	00		
Cox Bros. (for clams).....	29	00		
Mary Ann Miller.....	5	00	124	87
Eugene M. Lincoln, printing.....			14	88
Envelopes and Postage.....			5	56
R. M. Bowne this amount; the same } paid by him to the L. I. Railroad Co. }			25	00
For Music on Saturday.....			48	00
Band on 25th inst.....	104	00		
Passage up.....	7	80	111	80
Sam. M. Titus, expenses to and from N. Y. for Music .....			1	60
Wm. H. Springer, carriage for band...			4	80
H. L. & C. B. Gruman, plates, dishes, etc.			25	14
William Green, dinner to Reporters, etc.			15	00
David Wanser, 24 Bush. Clams.....			24	00
James Luyster, Jr., crackers, etc.....			10	10
2 lbs. Nails.....				16
Balance of this fund handed to William Green for purchase of an American Flag, to be kept by him at the Glen Cove Hotel, as directed at Public Meet- ing held at Glen Hall, May 27th.....			28	09
			439	00

Received Twenty-eight dollars and nine cents, the above balance,  
for the purpose as above stated. Glen Cove, Dec. 5, 1868.

(Signed)

WILLIAM GREEN.

\$28.09.













